

**WILD WHITE CLOVER (Illustrated). By James Cleghorn.**  
**ORGANISING AGRICULTURAL LABOUR.**

# COUNTRY LIFE

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E. O. HOPPE

LADY KATHLEEN THYNNE.

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# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
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## A CHRISTMAS IN PEACE-TIME

WHAT an age it seems since the dreary Christmas of 1914, when, under the new and dread experience, to this generation at any rate, of a great war, everybody was doing his best to keep up the hearts of his fellow-men.

By general consent it was then conceded that the adult portion of the community would not and could not indulge in festivities meant only for themselves. Where the feast was maintained in something like its ancient glory it was so for the benefit of the little ones. No one wished that the shadow of war should cloud their young lives too heavily. So for their sakes most of us determined to wear an aspect of cheerfulness even though anxiety for members of the household in France weighed like a nightmare on the nation. It may be remembered now with pride that, in spite of the suffering and the sympathy it excited, the heart of the country never waxed faint nor its spirit

doleful. Britain is a proud country and has reason for its pride. Never since William the Bastard landed on our shores have we suffered the ignominy of a foreign yoke. Still, it cannot be said that the Ship of State in the intervening centuries sailed only in sunny seas. On the contrary, great storms of war were continually breaking over it, and there was a moment when even the great soul of William Pitt was shaken with apprehension for the future of the Fatherland. But the stubborn tenacity which has distinguished the race at every period did not fail him and did not fail us. Who can ever forget the grim determination with which Great Britain set about the creation of an Army fit to hold its own in the field with that mighty organisation which Germany had built up ruthlessly and determinedly from the moment in which she achieved her signal victory over France? Her military prestige was then at its highest. Even as Great Britain remained mistress of the seas, so Germany appeared to be master on the land. So with thoughts like these Christmas was passed. Others followed, and with each successive festival, though the exuberant enthusiasm of the first few months had settled down a little, it was replaced by an iron resolution to carry the thing through. Still, at the best, a great war is a heavy infliction. It means the squandering of blood and treasure, and there was scarcely a household in the country which had not cause to watch the fortunes of the fight with a deep personal concern for those engaged in it.

A characteristic of the warfare was that till the end actually came no one was able to foresee it. Last year at this time we were full of hope, and yet there was no possible sign of an approach to an end. The foe had given no outward sign of weakness and appeared able to place countless numbers in the field and arm them with the best that science could produce. Even as late as the spring of the present year the fortunes of the Allies seemed for a time to be ebbing; and we remember as though it were yesterday the resolution formed that, if we were driven to the sea, we still should maintain a naval warfare that would last as long as we had a ship to put on the water. We understand now that while our own troubles were known, and even exaggerated, they were little in comparison with those of the enemy. The work of exhaustion had already begun and Ludendorff's great offensive was only a dying spasm which frequently precedes dissolution. It was not followed up at the moment, but was followed by a general weakening of the Germans' front line. Even then, as late, say, as September, he was thought an optimist indeed who expressed an assurance that the war could not last another year. As a contrast to all this the end came with a suddenness that would not have been so startling if it had been anticipated. At first the bewildered country accepted the news of victory with a certain amount of doubt. It did not believe utterly that it could be true until that fateful day when the German submarines and ships of the line began to steam out of their hiding-place in Kiel harbour and abjectly surrender. No one can wonder that a tide of rejoicing then flowed over the country in great waves. Day was breaking and the shadows of night were falling away. The fifth Christmas brings to us an assurance of peace. It will not be signed until some time after the New Year has dawned; but the power of Germany is broken and her pride is laid low. The reaction is seen in the gay and happy crowds which, as we write, are preparing to spend Christmas in the old style and with more than the old merriment. It is being accepted as a feast of thankfulness and a day of deliverance.

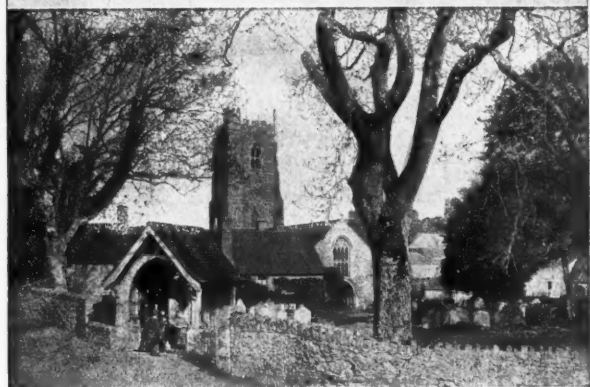
This is as it should be. Without for a moment forgetting those heroes, and, we may add, heroines, who have fallen in the struggle and whose names will ever be treasured as those who died that England might live, the return of tranquillity and security deserves to be welcomed by popular rejoicing. There has been no occasion at any rate in the history of this journal when, with a fuller heart and a greater confidence in fulfilment, we could wish our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

## Our Frontispiece

WE print as our frontispiece to this week's issue a portrait of Lady Kathleen Thynne, who has done much useful war work in connection with the Red Cross and the Land Army in Wiltshire. Lady Kathleen Thynne is the eldest daughter of the Marquess of Bath.

\*.\* It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.

## COUNTRY NOTES



SURELY, if ever there was an occasion for celebrating Christmas in the old style, it occurs this year. True, families are still to a large extent separated, but the separation is different. It used to be for a vague period known as "the duration of the war," but is now a merely temporary absence. The armies are no longer fighting, and it may be taken as certain that the military authorities will be as liberal as possible in regard to furlough. On the other hand, travel is still expensive and inconvenient. The first essential of an old-fashioned Christmas is that as many of the family should be at home as possible. We cannot do exactly as our grandsires did. The modern baron cannot very well "open his hall to vassal, tenant, serf," etc. In our degenerate day a man might be more than a baron and have no tenantry, to say nothing of vassals and serfs—words, indeed, which have passed out of all usage except that of the tub-thumper. One would not recommend either the "heir with roses in his shoes" to condescend to the choice of a village partner, for, unhappily, condescension is one of those graces not greatly appreciated by the modern maid. Jest aside, this is a real occasion for showing hearty good will to all, whatever form it may take, and if blind man's buff and the other simple old games appear to be out of date to those of riper years, they are always new and fresh and welcome to the young, and in the pleasure of the young lies the real happiness of the old.

A FINER military spectacle has not been witnessed, in our time, at any rate, than the march of the British Army across the Hohenzollern Bridge over the Rhine at Cologne. The stern and strong looking bridge, set as it is with statues of the Emperors of Germany, provided an appropriate staging. The people of Cologne gathered in multitudes to watch the Army crossing and seemed to be astonished, as well they might be, at the conspicuous health and robustness of our men, the condition of their horses, the perfection of their armour and equipment, and that look of Roman impassiveness which comes naturally to a British face on such an occasion. The soldier was on duty, and, whatever his private feelings might be, he gave no exulting expression of them. Some of the natives present might have thought of the contrast between the demeanour of this army and that of their own when the latter goose-stepped into Brussels or Antwerp. According to the testimony of the special correspondents, the troops never looked finer, and the only hint of triumph is implied in the remark of one of the scribes who, speaking of the touch of pride in the way the men of the Royal Horse Artillery sit their horses, adds: "I believe every horse to-day knew that it was crossing the Rhine." It would not be easy to guess at the feelings of those who watched this foreign army, following a route that so many armies have trodden, this way and that, before, marching into Germany to tunes made familiar wherever the British Army has gone: "Tipperary" and "A Long, Long Trail," to wit; but ending, as all great functions end at home, with the National Anthem.

THEY do some things differently in France. Side by side with this description of the stately march by British troops across the Rhine comes an account of the French entering Mayence. Were the occasion different from what it was it might provoke a smile. There is something that might have come from Homer or a writer equally remote in time in the scene which took place in the palace of the Duke of Hesse at Mayence. Generals of the gallant and

victorious French Army, each with his "tail," as they used to say of the Scottish chiefs, and to them enter twenty bare-headed burghers of Mayence, to whom General Fayolle recounts in terse and flashing French prose the misdeeds of their kith and kin, that is to say the unspeakable and endless crimes committed by the German Army in France, drawing the moral that the military advisers of the Fatherland had not only failed themselves, but brought the whole edifice of German government toppling to the ground with them. It was tragedy, but tragedy of the sort that only Molière could write in his own ironical, flawless fashion.

NO passage in the fine speech with which M. Poincaré welcomed President Wilson to France was more naturally emphasised than the passage in which the French President described the horror of the American soldiers at seeing the demoniac devastation left behind by the Germans, and after this passage the speaker promised that his distinguished visitor should be put in a position "to gauge with your own eyes the extent of these disasters"; and he added that "the French Government will moreover communicate to you the actual documents in which the German General Staff sets forth with amazing cynicism its programme of pillage and industrial annihilation." Probably the point noted in particular by the audience was the appeal to President Wilson to co-operate with the French in order to secure future protection from similar acts of collective madness. Actual terms were not mentioned, but were certainly in the mind of the orator when he spoke of making the peace include "all the conditions of justice and all the possibilities of duration that can be incorporated."

## UNFULFILMENT.

Six hundred miles from here,  
On a stretch of heather-ground,  
Lies buried half my soul  
Listening to the sound  
Of the pine trees in the wind,  
The curlews whistling clear—  
And all the while the other half  
Is listening here.  
It's listening here for echoes  
Of nameless things up there  
Which are always being whispered  
Through the soft night air.  
And if I only listen,  
I can almost always hear  
The voices of my buried dreams  
Six hundred miles from here.

ALISON GRANT.

PRESIDENT WILSON thoroughly endorsed the sentiments of his host. He spoke of the repulsion and deep indignation stirred in the hearts of men by these deeds and of the necessity "of such action in a final settlement of the issues of the war as will not only rebuke such acts of terrorism and spoliation but make men everywhere aware that they cannot be ventured upon without the certainty of just punishment." It is impossible to mistake language like this for anything except a resolute statement in favour of compelling the Germans to make good all those injuries which they have wantonly inflicted. President Wilson said nothing about the word "duration" which M. Poincaré had used with unmistakable significance. If, however, the Allies insist upon payment of anything like the total sum of damages claimed, £24,000,000,000, it is obvious that they must be given time, say, a generation, in which to do it.

IT would almost seem as if the horticulturists of Great Britain have very little faith in securing from the Germans compensation for the destruction of garden and fruit trees in France and Belgium. Yet, surely, no demand could be more legitimate and just. Nothing angered the population of the devastated districts more than the cutting down of their apple and pear trees. It did, not so much on account of the value, as of the horrible and wanton intention on the part of the Huns to deprive poor and hard-working people of their means of earning a livelihood. Inhabitants of this country will no doubt respond generously to the appeal made for help by the Lord Mayor, because of the inevitable delay which will occur in the payment for German outrages during the war, and because people cannot be allowed to starve or leave their gardens untended till all the formalities and red tape of the transaction are completed. Besides, the movement was begun a long time ago, before the question of indemnity was

mooted. It is also a very excellent scheme which would change bad fortune into good fortune. It was bad for enemy soldiers to commit this outrage. It will be good if for the old inferior trees, badly placed where they interfered with agricultural operations, there should be made plantations of the best trees, planted where they are not in the way of plough and harrow.

**DRIVER MACPHERSON** of Battery "B," whose wild lament on parting with his off-side leader was put into delightful verse for our Christmas number by Mr. W. H. Ogilvie, may now rest in comfort. His grievance has been made known at Headquarters and a means of redress provided. In other words, it has been decided by the military authorities that any soldier, officer or private, who wishes to retain a horse that has served him during the war may have an opportunity of doing so. It had already been arranged that horses no longer necessary for military purposes should be sold by auction, which meant, if rigorously carried out, that the officer would have run a great risk of losing sight of his charger and the gunner of his team. To remedy that, if the authorities are informed of the wish of either to buy a particular horse, notice will be sent to him of the place and time of sale so that he can either bid himself or allow a nominee to do so. This is one of those little but touching reforms which will please many a horse-loving soldier because it provides a way of avoiding a parting that at one time appeared to be as necessary as it was painful.

**THE** attitude of landowners and farmers towards the question of land settlement for ex-Service men has been the subject of a great amount of speculation recently in the columns of the various agricultural journals. But, in spite of several gloomy forecasts, latest reports from Devon and Cornwall, where the idea is being enthusiastically developed, show a splendid feeling among landowners and farmers towards the scheme. At Exeter Lord Fortescue has announced that Viscount Ebrington and himself are prepared to negotiate, on the rent charge basis, in respect of 700 acres of excellent land to be split up into small holdings for ex-Service men. He also stated that more than fifty of his tenant farmers had offered to give up to 7½ per cent. of their present holdings at three months' notice for the use of men who had been serving in H.M. Forces. In Cornwall landowners have met and unanimously decided to support the schemes under which facilities are to be given to men on discharge to obtain land, if possible, in their native districts. To this end the landowners of the Duchy are seeking the co-operation of the Farmers' Union, and a draft scheme is in the course of preparation.

**AN** announcement of first-rate importance to agriculturists was made at Exeter this week by Lord Goschen. He saw that, in addition to the 10,000 pivotal men being released for agriculture, another 5,000 pivotal men were to be released, so that the various Committees could now increase the number of pivotal men for their counties by 50 per cent. He also announced that any pivotal men in the Navy would be released almost at once. The names of all such men in the Navy need not count towards the number of pivotal men allotted to any county. Owing to precedence in transport being given to returning English prisoners of war, facilities for bringing back pivotal men were limited. He believed, however, that these men would be returned to their farms early in the year and in ample time for the spring cultivation. When general demobilisation took place agriculture was to receive priority, and the first batch of men to be released for agriculture would be the "slip" men—that was to say, the soldiers applied for by farmers to go back to the employment in which they were before the war.

**A** CORRESPONDENT of the *Manchester Guardian* who has been in Russia since May, 1914, and recently escaped, gives some touching particulars of the conditions prevailing in Petrograd. Nowhere is the vast change more striking than in the shops, formerly the most luxurious in the world. Provision shops and confectioners' are empty, but at every street corner there is a brisk trade in apples, which sell at anything from 5s. to 12s. apiece, and find ready buyers at that price. Dried herrings, now the staple diet of most people, cost 7s., and pieces of sugar are eagerly bought at 2s. each. The jewellers, however, carry on their trade, though workmen and soldiers are alone able to pay the exorbitant prices. Among the street sellers on the Nevsky and in the principal streets are to be found "old gentlemen and ladies bearing

the proudest names in Russia selling their small belongings in order to procure for themselves the bare necessities of life." The revolution has fallen most severely on the old upper classes and the bourgeoisie. They are only given food cards of the third and fourth category, which means that on the third month dating from August they receive either no bread at all or about one eighth of a pound per week, with the certainty of getting none in winter.

**AN** interesting offer to France has been made by the Norwegian Forest Society to plant 500 hectares of land with trees. Reckoning a hectare at 2½ acres, that would mean about 1,250 acres, a very fine Christmas present to make to a nation. The Society is willing also to start a nursery for Norwegian pines in France. The Norwegian Pine grows well in the north-east districts of France, and the offer therefore is one of great value. In this country planting is settling down in large measure to that of Sitka Spruce in districts where the rainfall is heavy, and Douglas Fir where it is lighter. Larch, both our own and the Japanese variety, do well in certain districts despite their susceptibility to disease, and soft woods of various kinds are found to grow quite well where they are most wanted; that is to say, in the neighbourhood of coal mines.

#### THE LITTLE SHOP.

There stands a shop that children know;  
It sold me magic for a song,  
Thrown in with bargains smelling strong  
Of paint and shavings—years ago . . .

A little shop with penny wares,  
(Brought down from hook or dusty niche,  
On Saturdays, when one was rich,  
With lattice panes and steep back stairs;

On counter, dolls of jointed limb,  
Kites dangling from the shelf above . . .  
And mystery was sold for love,  
Near bedtime, as the light grew dim!

Hints of romance that thrilled one child,  
Buying tip-toe, a hoop or drum,  
From twin old sisters, shrivelled, glum,  
Who took her pence but never smiled.

What magic, in those grand affairs  
Of mart, lurked even round the till?  
I only know it charms me still,  
That latticed shop with penny wares!

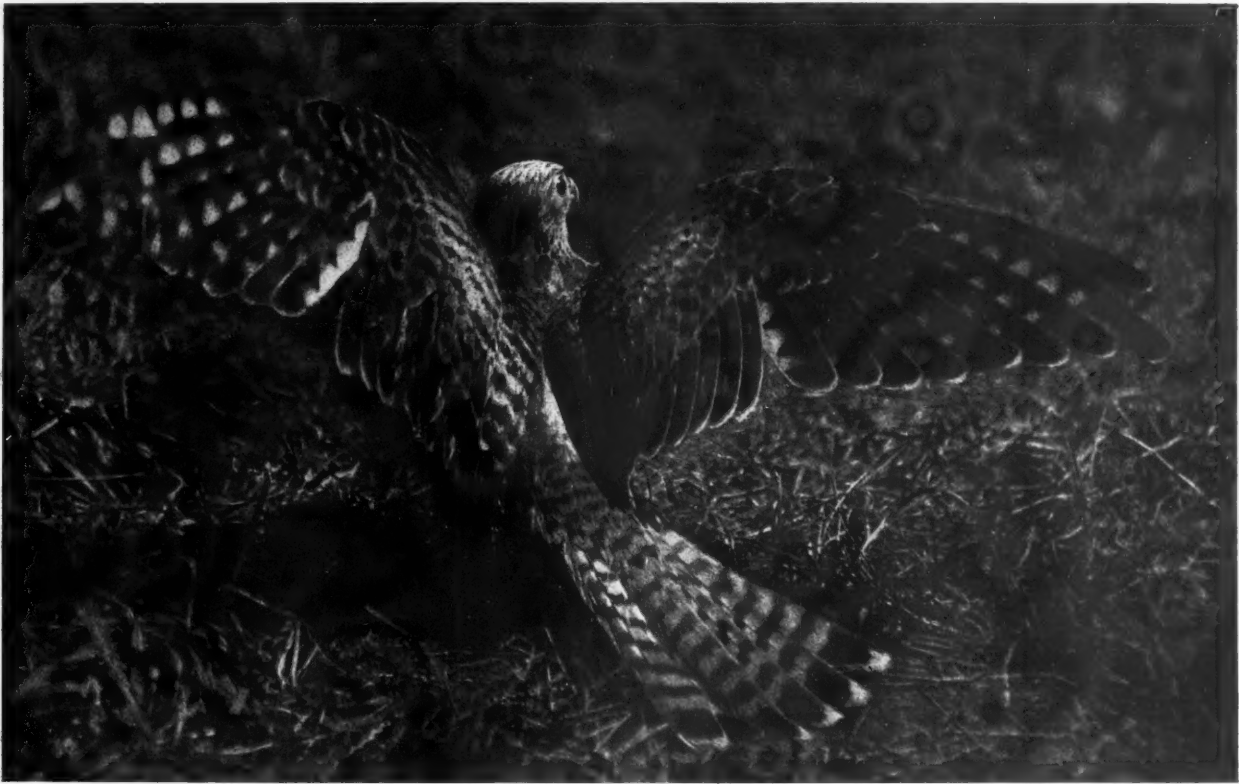
JOYCE COBB.

**AMONG** the names in the list of V.C.'s published this week is that of Lieutenant-Colonel Bernard Vann, who was killed leading his battalion in the attack on the Canal du Nord. "The success of the day," says the terse official notice, "was in no small degree due to the splendid gallantry and fine leadership displayed by this officer." The award is especially interesting as we believe it to be the first occasion on which the V.C. has been won by a clergyman for combatant service. The Rev. Bernard William Vann was a Master at Wellingborough and, impatient of delay, joined the Army as a private. He rose to the command of his battalion, was wounded half a dozen times and had already received the D.S.O. and M.C. when he won the highest military honour.

**ALTHOUGH** the recent Boxing Tournament at the Albert Hall was clouded by what at the least must be described as a very doubtful decision in the contest between Wilde and Moore, there can be little doubt that the meeting marks the beginning of a new era in the "noble art" in this country. The King's action in presenting the trophy, and the fact of its being competed for in the Albert Hall should be enough to lift this fine sport out of the rather sordid atmosphere in which, in recent years, it had, with only few exceptions, been carried on. The Imperial service rules eliminate much that is unpleasant, particularly in requiring the count to be made in silence. Who has not many times seen a man straining his ears to listen to the count and struggling to his feet at the last second only to be laid low again with a smashing blow? That temptation is removed by the new rules, and the rule against holding, though it may give advantage to the man with the longer reach, does undoubtedly tend to encourage clean hitting. Boxing is too valuable a part of the physical and moral training of young Englishmen for it to be allowed to stand on any lower plane than cricket or football.

## "CASSY" THE KESTREL.—I

AT HER TOILET AND AT HER DINNER



"RUNNING QUICKLY AWAY . . . SHE GLANCES BACK."

THE kestrel, or "windhover" as it is often termed, is the smallest, commonest and perhaps the daintiest of the British hawks. Were it called the "mouse hawk" it might be spared from much senseless persecution. Too often this bird, turned from beauty to unsightliness, hangs among keepers' trophies. Fearless

in its habits, trusting in its nature, it will venture within gunshot to learn too late that that trust has been misplaced. Yet, of all British hawks it is man's best friend, living as it does for long periods exclusively upon grain-destroying mice.

"Cassy," the subject of the present notes, is but five months old and in her first plumage. She came from the



HER WINGS BEAT THE AIR RAPIDLY.

nest in June while the last traces of down still peeped here and there between her feathers. From the first she was friendly and courageous, hopping to her captors and feeding from their hands; now she lives contentedly in the garden of a large military hospital. She has her sheltered perch on the wall of the house; from this she flies at will to a second perch, a post set in an unkempt but sunlit lawn. In fine weather, or while she waits for food, it is upon this post she stands sunning herself, drying her plumage wet from her bath, preening or hovering as the mood takes her. If you approach her quietly, she will look at you archly without stirring; if you bring food, she will fly to you and take it in her beak or powerful claw; but if you tease her, she will scream at the affront and, if your fingers come too close, will quickly teach you manners. You will retire discomfited, with the marks of claw or beak upon you. Preserving a fine dignity, she stands no nonsense; but if you care for her and treat her gently, she will sit upon your arm and rest contentedly for many hours. The feathers which cover "Cassy's" back and wings are brick red in colour, heavily marked by transverse bars of black brown. The



"CASSY" PREENING HERSELF.

long tail is similarly coloured and barred. The silky feathers of her breast are of a pale brown, vertically streaked, as with a brush dipped in dark brown pigment. Her legs are clothed each with a thick wisp of low-reaching feathers, dainty little fawn pantaloons decorated with finely cut lanceolate streaks of a dark hue. It is these soft garments which defend the tender flesh of her lower limbs from the sharp teeth of mice which come to her grip; below the feathers her yellow legs and feet project. Though naked, they are armoured; the skin is thick and strengthened by the circular plates and tough rings of its outer layers.

It is near feeding time and "Cassy" is on her post. She is restless, and from time to time beats her wings in a manner which perhaps is closely akin to hovering; it is an action seen in the kestrel, but not in the sparrow hawk. Without warning she spreads her wings fully, but in a drooping position. For a moment she stays in this attitude; then her legs bend under her and she crouches while her wings beat the air rapidly. The movement of the wings is not through the full excursion, as in flight, but is, perhaps, through a half semicircle. The wings' pulsations



THE FEAST BEGINS.

continue for a half minute or more, then remain drooping or are folded, while the legs straighten. The manoeuvre is repeated several times; she ends by launching herself in the air. The initial droop of the wings foretells the action which follows it; when preparing for immediate flight the wings rise higher and the flanks are exposed. The observed shortness of the wing excursion and the stationary body suggest the relation to the aerial hover. If the top of her perch is sawn across and the thin section cut away is replaced, the kestrel fails to lift this wood in executing her fluttering movement. Although she grips the wood firmly in her claws,



A PROTRACTED TOILET

it is not raised. On several occasions a perch has been arranged for her on a dial scale. Her weight of 8oz. falls with the flutter, the pointer oscillating about a mean weight of 4oz. The flutter therefore reduces the pressure of the hawk on her perch by one half. As exhibited on the perch, it is insufficient to suspend her in the air.

A mouse is loose in the grass. "Cassy" spies it quickly enough. Crouching on her perch, she launches herself, and in an instant has settled near it. As she alights, one foot goes out and clasps the mouse. She does not kill it, but stands with the mouse in her grip. Now she proceeds to play with the mouse, as will a cat, squeezing it a little and relaxing her grasp.

As the mouse recovers and moves she pats it with the flat of her foot or holds it while the mouse twists and turns and tries to bite her. At a more vigorous movement her talons grip it again, and the process is repeated. Finally, as she tires of the game, the claws sink deeper and the grip squeezes the breath from the body of the victim. The mouse is dead. Holding it firmly in her foot she flies to her perch. There she eyes the mouse deliberately, pecking it gently and, though hungry, biding a little while to contemplate the repast she so much fancies. After a longer or shorter delay the feast begins. "Cassy" eats, as she does all things, daintily. The mouse is held under her feet, while she pulls here and there at the fur, dislodging a little and shaking it from her beak. Of this plucking she soon tires, then she works at the head; the skin at the back is gripped firmly and her beak tears off the scalp

at one pull. This furred skin she swallows; another pull and the head is detached and swallowed entire. She now proceeds leisurely, pulling away small portions, swallowing each as it becomes detached and eating downwards towards the tail. Skin, flesh, bone and the organs are taken just as they come; there is no undermining of the skin or any exposure of raw surfaces at the side. The surface is maintained flush until the hind-quarters are reached. Now she will take the remnants of the mouse in her beak while she moves her feet. She grasps her prey in one foot and holds it 'twixt perch and beak, while with the latter she breaks off and eats small pieces. When larger pieces of flesh come away they will sometimes entangle themselves on the tip of the upper mandible. In dislodging them her foot is used. When large pieces are nipped in the beak the upper mandible is seen to move a little, as does the beak of the parrot and as does the nose of a toothless man far advanced in years. This habit of holding food in her raised claw to peck at it is a very nicely balanced action and characteristic of the bird. The body of the mouse is tender, a little tear and it breaks; no need is there to hold it very firmly. When the kestrel tears tougher flesh, she holds it as does a sparrow hawk; both feet are set on it, the inner talons hold it securely while the arched head and back tug fiercely, the shoulders lifting with

the effort. When the proportions of the victim are materially reduced the hind-quarters are taken in the beak, and the last quarter or third of the mouse is swallowed whole. It is forced into the throat by jerking movements of the head, as a wolf gulps, and not by the grip of the muscles. The hind legs and tail of the mouse protrude at the last; another gulp and they too have vanished. The mouse has gone to fulfil its last function. Carefully she wipes her beak, this way and that, on the perch, cleans each soiled toe with her beak and the meal is over.

Some meat is placed on her perch. "Cassy" grasps it at once; her appetite is already satisfied, yet there is this

piece of meat still remaining in her claws. Lowering her head she seizes it in her beak and looks round. Flying with it to the turf, in a minute she is prancing around in evident agitation. She peers from side to side, bobbing up her head and giving vent to half-suppressed cries as she searches a suitable spot for its concealment. She steps this way and that, springing her feet from the ground as though it scorched her. Darting to a corner she tucks the meat in a little hollow and raises her head to glance at it. Dissatisfied, she seizes it once more and runs to another place. There is no cranny large enough to hold it; her agitation grows, as expressed by her frequent notes and distracted manner. At last, after many ineffectual efforts, she hides this reserve of food in the ground behind a few blades of grass. Then running quickly away for some feet, she glances back, turns, runs to

it again and gazes at it. Seeming now satisfied, she flies to her perch, and after one long and intent look in the direction of the cache, begins to preen A. L. T. L. AND T. I.



"SHE WILL LOOK AT YOU ARCHLY.

### KILBRIDE WOOD.

"There are Hidden Folk in Kilbride Wood,  
I know, for I have seen  
One who rode a great black horse,  
And a woman dressed in green.  
  
I have heard laughter low at eve,  
And music strange and sweet;  
And I have seen the brackens stir  
At the passing of their feet.

So that is why I lay my gifts  
Beneath the twisted thorn,  
For I know who stops beside my door  
Between the dusk and dawn."

JOAN CAMPBELL.

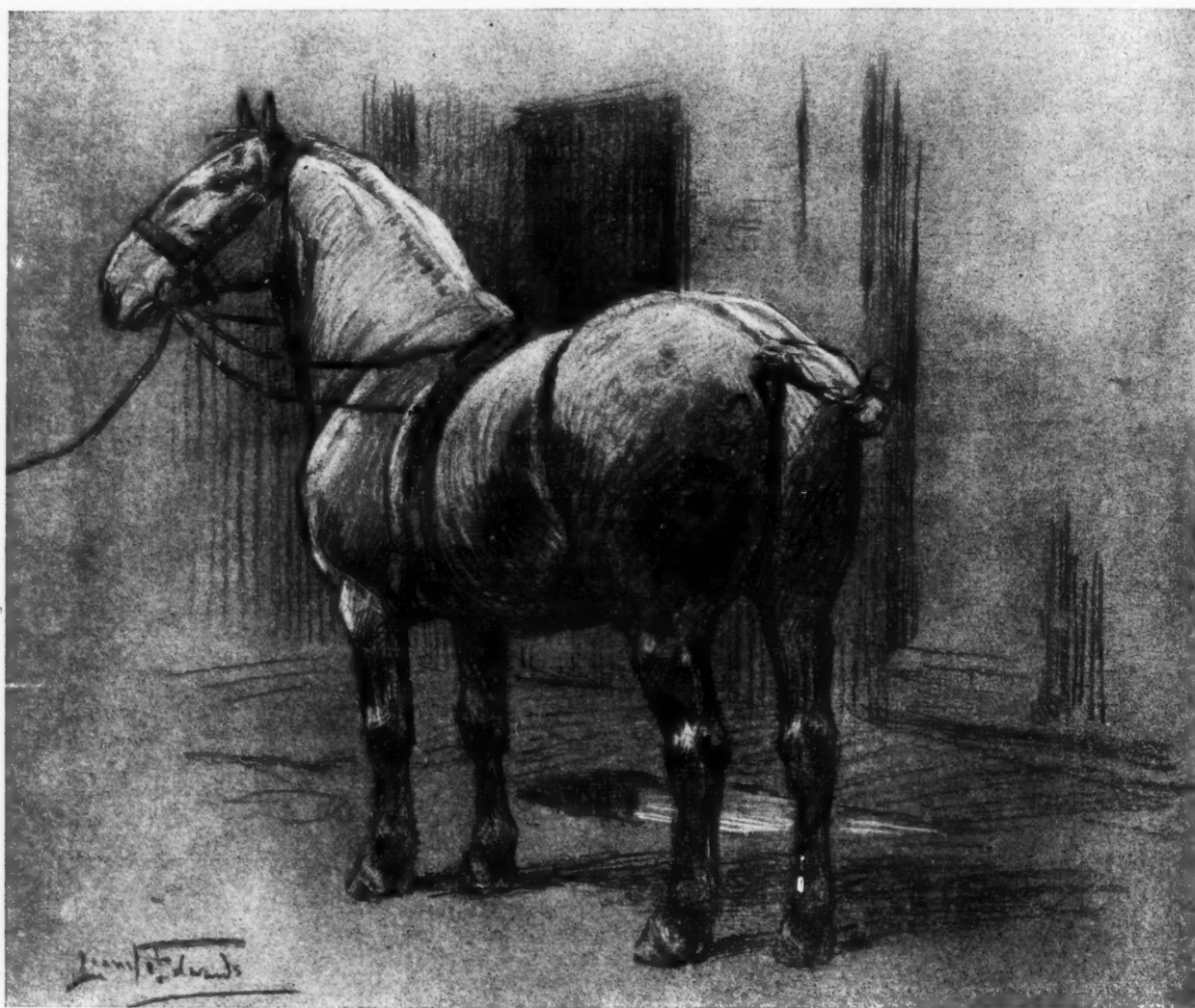
## MATING MARES OF PERCHERON BLOOD

**N**OW that many thousands of horses of varying types are to be released both from army service on the Continent and from depôts at home, the time is come to consider how to use these animals for work and breeding. If geldings and work horses alone were concerned, there would be no difficulty; but many thousands of mares are likely to be demobilised during the next few months, and a large number of them will go to the stud. I believe that many more American "grade" mares will be distributed than those of any other breed. The only known quality in their pedigree is Percheron, and the question that at once arises is how they should be mated. I am doubtful of the wisdom of using sires of our own breeds, because of the risk that the young stock will exhibit the faults of mongrelism. On the other hand, most people will be loath to go outside the Shire, the Clydesdale and the Suffolk. But against this must be set the testimony of many officers serving abroad to the good work done by those of Percheron blood. If it is argued that the point of view has been merely that of suitability for service under war conditions,

on their powers and suitability for work under normal conditions, of freedom from or tendency to go on the sick list.

Without exception the draught horse which has found favour with all to whom I have spoken has been the grade Percheron from America. If in the opinion of such qualified men this high position is deserved by the grade horse, it is well that the situation, with its bearing on the future, should be carefully examined.

Looked at from the standpoint of conformation alone, I think the American grade Percheron is too leggy—particularly behind. Of the many hundreds at which I looked at Swaythling and Romsey, there were few near enough the ground for my personal taste. Perhaps this objection is not a good one. In the hunter we look for a horse with great reach behind. Is this characteristic desirable in the draught horse? Do the unquestionably quicker movement and greater activity, as compared with English heavy horses of the same bulk, come from what strikes me as a fault in the draught beast? The average farm hand complains that the American horse



COLONEL HAMBRO'S FRENCH PERCHERON STALLION.

the answer is that the professional soldiers are comparatively few among the large number of those with a knowledge of or interest in horses who have seen the war horse under active service conditions. The standpoint of the citizen soldier is naturally much more that of the man at home, who considers only the suitability of the horse he sees for work under peace conditions.

Here at home many of these knowledgeable men—men to whom we owe so much—have given their services to condition and train remounts for active service. The Director of Remounts has said that their average age is forty-five, so it can be presumed that they started with a natural inclination towards our own heavy breeds. Their war-time experience has been with horses at home—not with those on active service. I have had the opportunity of talking to a number of these officers at two of the four large remount depôts in this country. Through each depôt many hundreds of thousands of horses have passed. Representatives of all the breeds and of their crosses have come under notice. These officers are therefore more capable than any that can be named of forming a judgment of varying types—

is too fast for the man, but his objection can be, and should be, met by the provision of implements on which the man is a passenger and is not required to exhaust himself by the labour of walking. I believe the average horse from the Perche district in France is nearer the ground and that the accompanying drawing of Colonel Hambro's pure Perche stallion is more truly representative of the French breed than the grade horses which have been brought from America.

First of all, why, when they possessed no home breed of heavy horses, did Americans select the Percheron? The heavy horses of England and the Continent have been at their disposal. Why has the Percheron found far more adherents than any other breed? Then again, why has the type which, in my judgment, is too leggy behind been favoured? If the only use to which the heavy horse in America was put were town work, it would be possible to understand that a quick-moving beast would be first choice. But far more horses are used in the States for agricultural purposes than for town haulage!

These questions demand thoughtful answers and should have them. It will surprise me if the horse in Captain Lionel Edwards'

drawing can be "faulted." Look at his proportions, at the powerful quarters, short coupling, excellent shoulders, good cannons and immense bone. Look again at the intelligence and courage which the drawing suggests. What more is wanted? Those with whom the Shire and Clydesdale are favourites will complain of the absence of "feather." But are they right? Of what real value, except for the show ring, is lengthy hair about the lower limbs? This same show ring has much to answer for. Is it wise to use show ring sires that have been bred from show ring parents for many generations, the majority of whom have had little opportunity of proving good constitution, bone soundness and other desirable qualities? If you talk to a Shire man he answers immediately: "There can be nothing wrong with the breed or the prices that have prevailed of recent years could not have been maintained and increased." But what is the true explanation? Surely fashion in the first place and shortage in these recent days. That the Shire has been, and might be, the best in the world needs no argument. His great bulk and power to move heavy loads are of indisputable value in town work. But horses are wanted, and will be wanted in greater numbers, for work here on the land and, in this country where so much heavy soil prevails, it seems unnecessary to handicap them with what must tend to interfere with

usefulness. Mechanical traction is likely to replace them in town and city far more than it will do in agricultural districts with their small fields and numerous hedgerows. And I maintain that it is wiser to improve our farm machinery so that more active animals can be employed, and to see to it that no handicap lies on the horse we use on the farm.

I hold no brief for the Percheron, but would ask him who honours me by considering what has been written to go to any of the dispersal sales that are now beginning. The American or Canadian draught horses will impress him as they have done many good judges. Should he be in want of horses for farm work, it will not be astonishing if he buys all he can get. But he will have competitors.

But to return to the problem with which we started. Grade Percheron mares will be distributed up and down the country. They should be used to bring back our future horse population to its pre-war strength; indeed, they must take the place of farm mares that, alas, cannot be repatriated. Shall Percheron sires be used or not? We cannot get sufficient from France. Ought numbers in the American book to be imported or should we be satisfied with sires of our home breeds and run the risk of nondescript progeny? It is a big and pressing problem. HERBERT PRATT.

## ORGANISING AGRICULTURAL LABOUR

It is to the credit of agricultural employers that they have willingly accepted the main object of the new agricultural policy, which, speaking broadly, is increased production and better wages for labour. Here and there a member of the old school may dissent, but the majority frankly accept the increased demands of labour as a necessity of the time, and the far-seeing few have made up their minds that the sentiment in favour of more liberal remuneration is more likely to deepen than to become weaker.

The various measures which are now being worked out must have the effect of producing an altogether different and higher type of land worker. To demonstrate that it is only necessary to compare their surroundings in the past with those which are being prepared for the future. The typical agricultural labourer of this generation was from infancy accustomed to a narrow dwelling-place, wherein was provided little of the comfort and still less of the refinement of modern life. In addition to being badly housed, he was ill educated and had little or no access to the humanising pleasures of life. But if we look forward the eye of faith will see a great difference in those who have the fortune to be young now, or even unborn. The new spirit demands that they should enter life under vastly improved conditions. There is, first of all, to be a great improvement in the housing. Overcrowding and insanitary conditions will not be tolerated. Health will be attended to by qualified doctors and nurses even before the child assumes a separate existence, for it is recognised that the bottom rung of the ladder must be a more enlightened parenthood. Nothing that care and science can provide will be omitted in order to decrease infant mortality and to ensure that the surviving children will have everything calculated to give them health and vigour. The provision of better wages will, in the first place, ensure more nutritious food. There will be an end of the slops on which children were forced to be fed when the breadwinner carried home only a pittance of ten or twelve shillings weekly. Other essentials of a healthy life will be provided. They may be summed up in the phrase "cleanliness, pure air and decent surroundings." When the period of infancy is past, a more enlightened schooling will altogether fail of its object if it does not widen the interest as well as the knowledge of the young people. The aim to be achieved is a healthy, vigorous peasantry, and therewithal one far more intelligent than that which has existed in the past. It is impossible to ignore the fact that young men and women who are superior in so many ways will find also that their wants are expanding. But all this constitutes a result urgently needed in the national interest. The business of the employer is to recognise this state of things and arrange for it. At a first glance it might appear to those who take a narrow view that the practice of husbandry will become more difficult and expensive, since the enlightened labourer will want better wages, shorter hours, and at least as frequent a holiday as is given to town workers. But we do not believe that the problem will work out in this way. Every employer of labour knows that efficiency is the most desirable of all qualities, and education schemes, housing schemes and health schemes will all have failed of their purpose if they do not make for increased efficiency. A common and true saying is that a good servant is worth his weight in gold and a bad one dear at any wages. We are speaking of employer and employed because it

seems evident that the country will derive the main bulk of its food supply in the future, as it has done in the past, from the system of landlord, tenant and labourer. In addition to these there will, however, be highly competent producers in the shape of gardeners, allotment holders and small occupiers. But their organisation opens up an entirely different side to the question. The man who lives by cultivating his own little bit of land solves the labour question in his own way. His livelihood will not be chiefly derived from wages, although between whiles he may work on adjacent farms, but in the main his problem will be that of enlarging his income by the intensification of his methods. He will get what he makes. Many of the larger farmers have lately been expressing the view that in their case success will depend on reducing the labour bill by the employment of every available kind of labour-saving machinery; that is to say, they will cheerfully pay high wages, but they will demand skilled instead of unskilled workers, and they will save by limiting the numbers in their employment. But this in reality is mere theory. It is the experience of all of us who have looked into these matters that the farmer who is intelligent enough to make use of every machine that will serve his purpose, whether it be new or old, ends by employing more men per acre than he did before he took this course. Machinery enables him to attend to increased production in a way of his own. For example, should he start early in the year to get his ploughing done by means of tractor ploughs, he finds leisure to do what else had been unattended to. In practice he uses his tractors from May till the autumn rains set in about October to November, and in that way gets far ahead with his work. He thus has time available for attending to drains, hedges and other matters which add greatly to the productivity of the farm. So it is with all labour-saving machines. They effect an economy of time as well as of work, and this economy of time, when matters are well directed, reacts in increased production. The farmer is less afraid of tackling those profitable crops at which he previously looked askance because of the labour involved in producing them. Practical agriculturists will, we feel sure, admit that wherever well appointed machinery is freely used there comes in time a vastly increased demand for man power. But to achieve this end he must learn to organise labour very effectively. One method is by standardising the day's task. Some time ago we showed how this could be done by a method which Mr. Ponsonby invented. It has been adopted to an increasing extent, but we are informed by the author of the pamphlet that he is engaged in elaborating the system in order to bring out a more complete book on the subject. What we should like to do at the moment is to deal with certain objections that have been taken to the system. It has been contended that if a standard of work is adopted, sooner or later there will be an agitation to decrease it. This looks logical, but is not so in reality. The objection is based on what has occurred in factories where a Trades Union practically dictates what the standard should be and instigates those who would exceed it to "ca' canny." Now it is nowise beyond hope that labour leaders will see that even in factories this system is vicious as tending to impair the efficiency of the trade that adopts it. On the farm there need be no such fear. In the first place, land is so infinitely varied that it will be impossible to invent a standard applicable

to every district and every soil. Take the three acres a week which is set as the standard amount of ploughing on an estate described here a few weeks ago. This is on heavy and difficult clay. It would be thought ludicrously small on light, sandy soil where an acre a day can be done without stress. But of more importance is the fact that standardisation introduces just that elasticity of income which inspires and animates a labourer to do his best. Provided the task required is of reasonable dimensions and easily accomplished in the time, the worker, without any extra exertion that is likely to do him harm, can add appreciably to his wages, as the employer gives a bonus on each additional acre ploughed. This is good alike for the master and the man, and where tried has had the effect of producing keenness and getting rid of slackness. Nothing satisfies a workman more than to see before him at the beginning of a day a definite task which he can without overmuch difficulty complete in the time given. Practice has shown that the cases of falling short are so very few as to be negligible, whereas the majority try to earn that bonus which is always welcome to the wage-earner. The more intelligent a man, the keener he is about it.

The system is to be especially recommended for those great "factory" farms advocated by Sir Daniel Hall and others. The set wage without any incentive to special industry or application is deadening to the labourer, and it is doubtful if this effect can be overcome by any system of profit sharing. The profit of a good year is welcomed, but its denial in a bad year leads to irritation.

After all, however, standardisation is only a small part of the organisation of labour. One of the problems that the farmer must solve in the future is that of providing constant employment. The ideal arrangement is that which prevails in the north of England and Scotland, where the labourer

is hired on a twelve-months' engagement and labour is engaged in "rain and sunshine, in sickness and in health." The adoption of that programme would get rid of many vexations, among others, of the constantly recurring agitation against tied houses. If the engagement is made for a shorter time the labourer who happens to be dismissed has a real grievance in being turned out of his house if he has worked hard in his garden. But if his bargain lasted from one spring to another, then he might obtain the reward of his industry. Cases are few in which a fairly competent man receives notice, and his readiness to move when the year is out gives him an independence not enjoyed by those on short notice. We are glad to think that the day men, who may be called upon to leave simply because the weather is wet, have practically disappeared during the war. The difficulty of regular employment can be got over on any farm by organisation and variety of crop, and on a well organised farm the tasks will be arranged in order of priority. It may, for instance, be extremely desirable that certain acres should be ploughed for autumn wheat, and that is put first among the duties of the day. But farmer and labourer both know very well that in this climate it is impossible to work to strict rule. It might be a very unsuitable day for the job, in which case the unintelligent labourer, who mechanically followed out the directions given him, would do more harm than good. There should be alternative tasks arranged. It might be quite possible to work on the hedges and ditches. Fruit may want grading and packing, and this would also apply to potatoes. There may be carting or other jobs to be done. All will depend on the character of the estate in question and the produce grown on it. It is not practicable to draw up a scheme of work that would apply generally. The intelligence and commonsense of the employer or his head man must decide the question.

## WILD WHITE CLOVER

SOME eight or nine years ago Professor Douglas Gilchrist of Armstrong College, Newcastle, put down at Cockle Park a few plots of grass and clover seeds. On one of the plots he included in the mixture a proportion of the seed of natural white clover, a plant which is indigenous to the soil of Great Britain. On an adjoining plot he sowed an admixture of grasses without clover. The results were striking. On the plot sown with natural white clover the clover plants were exceptionally vigorous, and they, with the grasses, had covered the whole surface of the ground, leaving not a single inch of bare soil. A very noticeable circumstance was that the grasses growing along with the clover were exceptionally vigorous and beautifully dark in colour.

The adjoining plot of grasses without any admixture of natural clover was, by comparison, sickly and unthrifty-looking, and gave no promise of making a successful sward.

From his observations, Professor Gilchrist arrived at the important conclusion that clover—and especially natural white clover—appeared to be able to pass on to the grasses growing along with it some of the nitrogen collected by it from the atmosphere, thereby occasioning a vigorous and profitable growth in the grasses themselves.

Some years previous to this Professor Somerville had demonstrated how poor pasture at Cockle Park could readily be improved by the application of basic slag. Poor, unprofitable grazing, worth only from 2s. 6d. to 5s. per acre, with a thick rim of undecayed fibrous rootage, was converted into valuable

pasture worth several times the original rent; and, not only so, but pastures which had been hardly good enough to keep cattle and sheep in store condition were rendered capable of fattening without the aid of any concentrated foods.

These two facts combined are in process of working what is almost a revolution in North Country farming practice.

But, valuable as Professor Somerville's demonstrations were as to the improvement of old grass, the discovery by Professor Gilchrist that wild white clover could be usefully employed in arable culture has had results of more far reaching character than the Professor could ever have dreamed of.

Over the Border, in Roxburghshire, simultaneously with Professor Gilchrist in Northumberland, Mr. R. V. Mather of Kelso was reaching conclusions similar in all respects to those obtained south of the Tweed, and the use of wild white clover in Roxburghshire and the Scottish Border Counties is increasing apace. The influence of Gilchrist's discoveries in Northumberland has now penetrated far southwards, and in many of the counties of England wild white clover is appreciated as highly as it is rated in the North; as an evidence of which it may be stated that, whereas the price of the seed eight or nine years ago was only

1s. or 2s. per pound, now it is in the neighbourhood of 20s., and even at that price it is considered well worth sowing.

The use of wild white clover in arable culture promises even greater developments than those already secured. The immediate result of its use is to obtain in the second and succeeding years of its growth a pasture which will not only carry a greater head of



A SPLENDID CROP OF WILD WHITE CLOVER GROWN IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

stock to the acre, but will at the same time make them fit for the butcher instead of merely turning them out as useful stores. Secondly, the cereal crops which in the ordinary course follow rotation grass are very substantially increased in bulk and yield, mainly, no doubt, by the nitrogen collected by the clover, but probably also by the humus-creating qualities of the herbage. This benefit, indeed, is so great as to become a drawback, for crops of cereals following wild white clover are so luxuriant that they lodge readily, and one of the problems facing farmers at present is how to prevent such lodging.

If an existing old pasture responds to the use of phosphates, then, doubtless, the cheapest method of improving it is to apply phosphates and so stimulate the growth of clover, which, in turn, encourages the growth of good grasses. It is found, however, in practice that phosphatic top-dressings, for some reason or other, do not, on some soils, effect the improvement one would wish. Where this is so, it is very often the best plan to plough up the unprofitable pasture and to renew with suitable grasses and clovers, including about one pound of wild white clover, and in this way a really good pasture is quickly formed in place of a poor one. Without wild white clover, improvement on grass lands of this character was formerly almost out of the question, but now it is well within the bounds of ordinary practice, and the gain, needless to say, both to the farmer and to the nation is very great.

to be better cultivated and to be more liberally manured, with the result that the yield of turnips from the smaller area would probably equal the yield from the larger area. But even if this result were not secured, and even if winter fattening were thereby reduced, the increase of summer fattening, made possible by the use of wild white clover, would more than compensate for the shortage.

The taking of two corn crops in succession is dead against old established custom in the North, but opinion is forming that if wild white clover is used in the rotation seeding and a sufficiency of phosphates applied to maintain the clover, no ill results need be feared from two successive corn crops, assuming, of course, reasonably good farming otherwise.

It is, I think, not open to question that summer fattening will be more largely followed in the future than in the past, both on rotation pastures sown with wild white clover and on old grasses improved by phosphatic top-dressings. Summer fattening is cheap; winter fattening is dear, and the tendency is, as I have indicated, to favour summer fattening in increasing degree. This, of course, gives rise to the question as to how summer-produced meat is to be disposed of. In ordinary circumstances in the past, prices have tended to fall in the autumn, and it may be that this tendency will become more marked as summer meat increases in quantity. This, again, will probably occasion the need for cold storage plants, in order to prevent glut in the autumn, and so as to carry over the meat until it is required



OATS AFTER WILD WHITE CLOVER GROWN IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

In the minds of many agriculturists in the North doubt is being felt as to whether the old four or five course system of cropping is that which is best suited to the needs of the future. These cropping courses have served well their day, but wild white clover has opened up other possibilities. The costly turnip break, necessary though it may be for cleaning purposes, has long been felt to be a huge drag on the rotation, but it was difficult to see how it could be avoided. The difficulty is still present, but the view is gaining ground that a somewhat different method of cropping might be adopted which would reduce the area of the large turnip break occasioned by the four or five course, and an idea simmering in the minds of many farmers is that a six or even a seven course might be adopted with advantage. Under a six course the turnip area would be reduced to one-sixth; the rotation grass would lie for two years and would occupy two-sixths, and by taking two corn crops in succession at the beginning of the course and one during the course, the advantage of the four course system would be maintained in that one half of the land would be in cereal crop each year. Another proposal is to begin the course with turnips and to follow it with two corn crops in succession and then two grass crops. In the one case, three-sixths of the arable area would be in corn each year, one-sixth in turnips and two-sixths in rotation grass; in the other only two-fifths would be in corn, with one-fifth turnips and two-fifths rotation grass. The reduction in the area of the turnip break effected by the first proposal would enable that break

later on. It is for farmers to consider whether, if this eventually arises, it would not be in their interests to secure the control of whatever cold storage accommodation may be required, so that they may reap the full profit arising from meat production instead of allowing a part of it to pass into other hands. Wild white clover appears to thrive well in almost all soils. On the heavy clays on the Northumberland coast, equally with the gravelly soils round the foothills of Cheviot, it gives profitable results. No more satisfactory demonstration of its value in arable farming can be found anywhere than on Captain Claud Lambton's farm at Westnewton, near Wooler, the soil of which is a stony loam, running up to an altitude of 600 feet. An equally notable result is to be found on the farm of Mr. George Wood of Hazleton in Gloucestershire—himself a North Countryman. Here, at an altitude of 850 feet, Mr. Wood is able to fatten cattle successfully on wild white clover pastures without using one pound of concentrated foods, and the luxuriance of the oats which follow the clover is well seen in one of the photographs which accompany this article. Few men in the agricultural world are better known than Mr. Wood, and to him and to Captain Claud Lambton, who, by the way, obtained a well-earned D.S.O. in recent fighting in France, as well as to others throughout the country, a debt is due by farmers in general for the demonstrations they have given of the value of wild white clover in arable culture, and of the possibilities which it opens out for those who are ready to learn.

J. CLEGHORN.



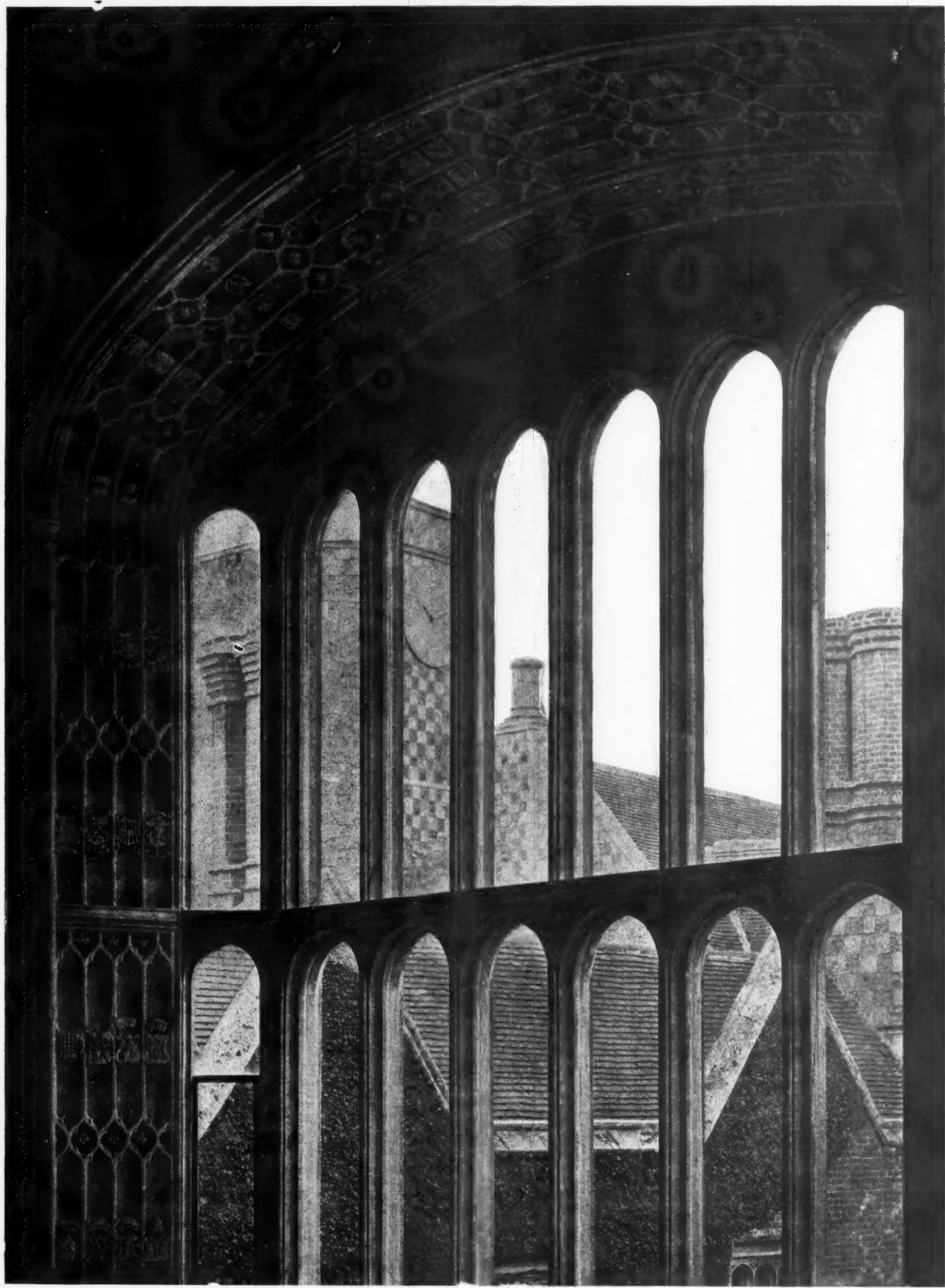
**T**HIS article will deal chiefly with three specimens of the magnificent work carried out during the sixteenth century under the direction of Abbot John Vyntoner; namely, the oriel window in the south wall of the abbot's lodgings, the roof of the north aisle of the nave of the parish church, and some oak panelling which is preserved within the present mansion. The oriel window is a splendid example of work of the first half of the sixteenth century. The window is three sided, the front face being cut up into six bays and divided across the centre by a stone transom, thus forming a large and beautifully proportioned window of twelve lights. The canted sides each contain one bay of two lights formed by the continuation of the transom dividing the lights on the front face. All sixteen lights have plain stone elliptical heads with moulded and beaded jambs, mullions and transoms, and splayed sill. The stone angles are plain on their faces but conform to the lights as regards jamb mouldings. A moulded label is carried above the heads of the lights right round the bay, the ends of the label being taken down vertically on either side as far as the level of the springing line of the lights and then returned on itself. Surmounting the label is a parapet enriched with carved panels exhibiting in their design and *m-tif* strong Italian influence. Above this parapet is a plain weathered stone roofing splayed back to the main wall and finished along the top with a roll. The lower portion of the oriel beneath the sill is divided transversely into two tiers, the upper being panelled out into a series of eight large and nine small panels so arranged that

a small panel occurs between each of the large panels. The latter consist of cusped quatrefoils containing shields. The small panels have trefoil heads with a design of carved work springing from their bases. Starting from the dexter side, the shields bear the following designs:

1. The crossed keys and sword of St. Peter and St. Paul.
2. The three crowns and the sword.
3. The Sacred Heart transfixd by swords, encircled with the crown of thorns and surmounted by a celestial crown.
4. Maria surmounted by a crown.
5. Pom grana e surmounted by a crown.
6. Stag bearing a shield displaying the three crowns.
7. Vyntoner's rebus surmounted by a mitre, defaced.
8. The arms of Bourchier. *Arg*: a cross engrailed *gu.* between four water bougets sable.

The lower tier consists of a series of eleven equal sized quatrefoil panels arranged lozengewise, each panel containing a carved flower of conventional design. Between each panel is a cusped spandrel. The whole of this fine window is supported in finely moulded and carved corbelling, the carving of which is in two courses occurring on the ovolo members. On the upper member four shields remain displaying: (1) M surmounted by a crown; (2) the three crowns; (3) defaced; (4) an abbot's mitre. On the lower member five shields remain displaying: (1) crossed keys and sword; (2) three crowns; (3) chalice and host; (4) rebus of Vyntoner; (5) arms of Cuthbert Tunstall, Bishop of London in 1527.

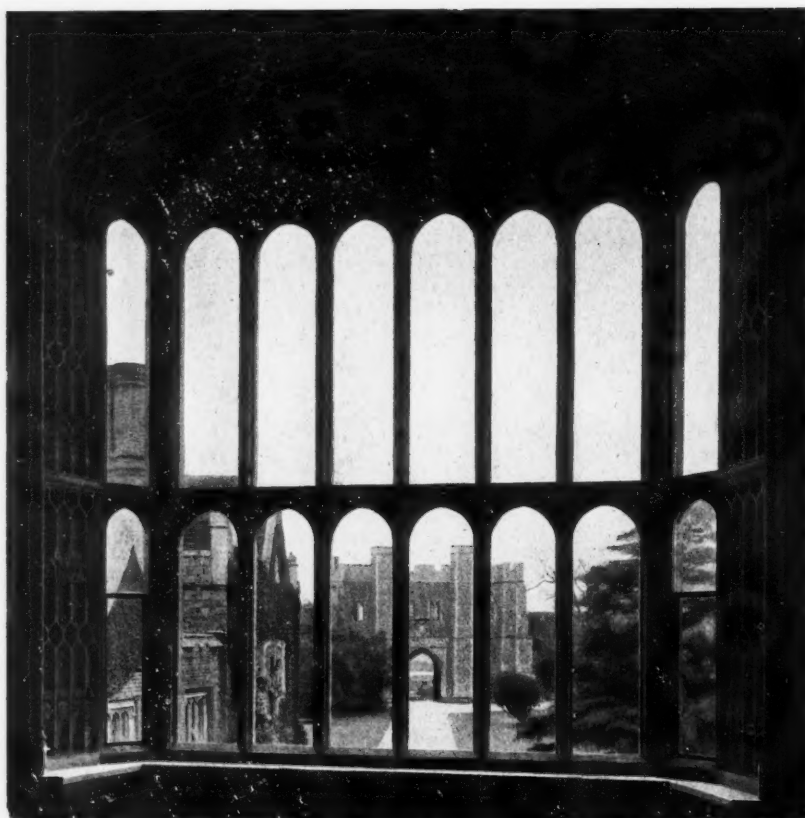




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INTERIOR OF THE GREAT ORIEL WINDOW.

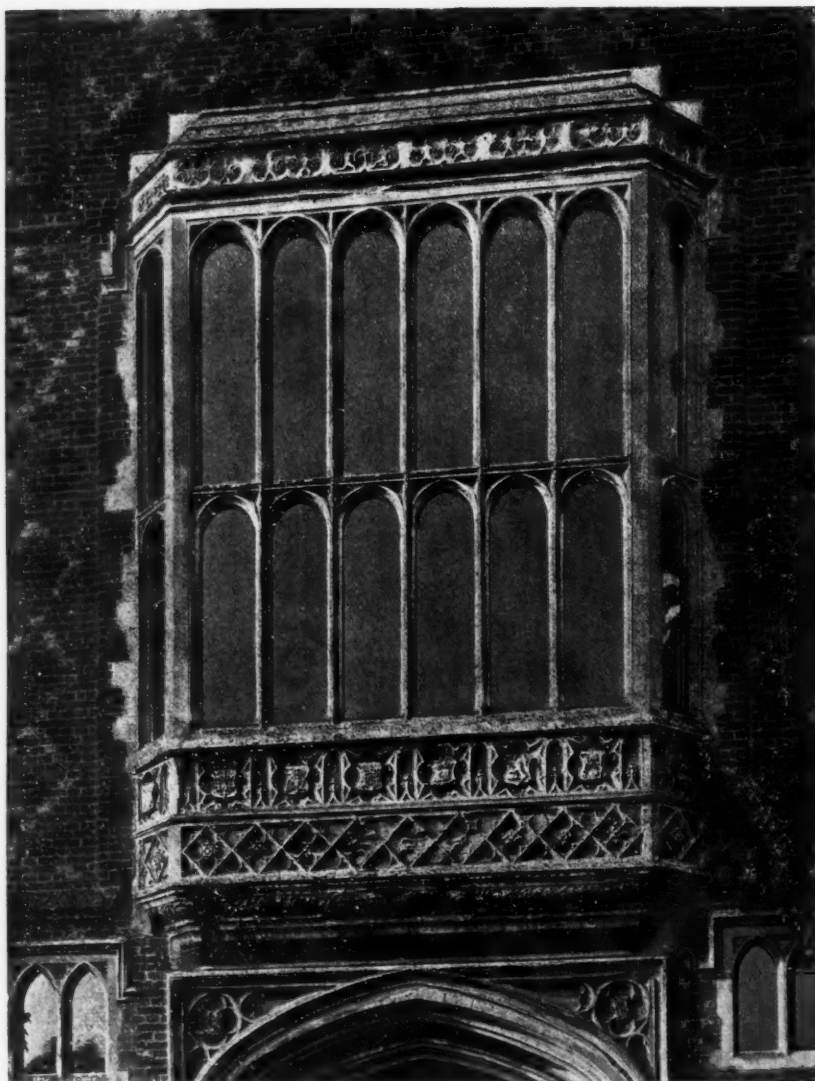
"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE GATEWAY SEEN THROUGH THE ORIEL.

"C.L."



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ABBOT VYNTONER'S WINDOW.

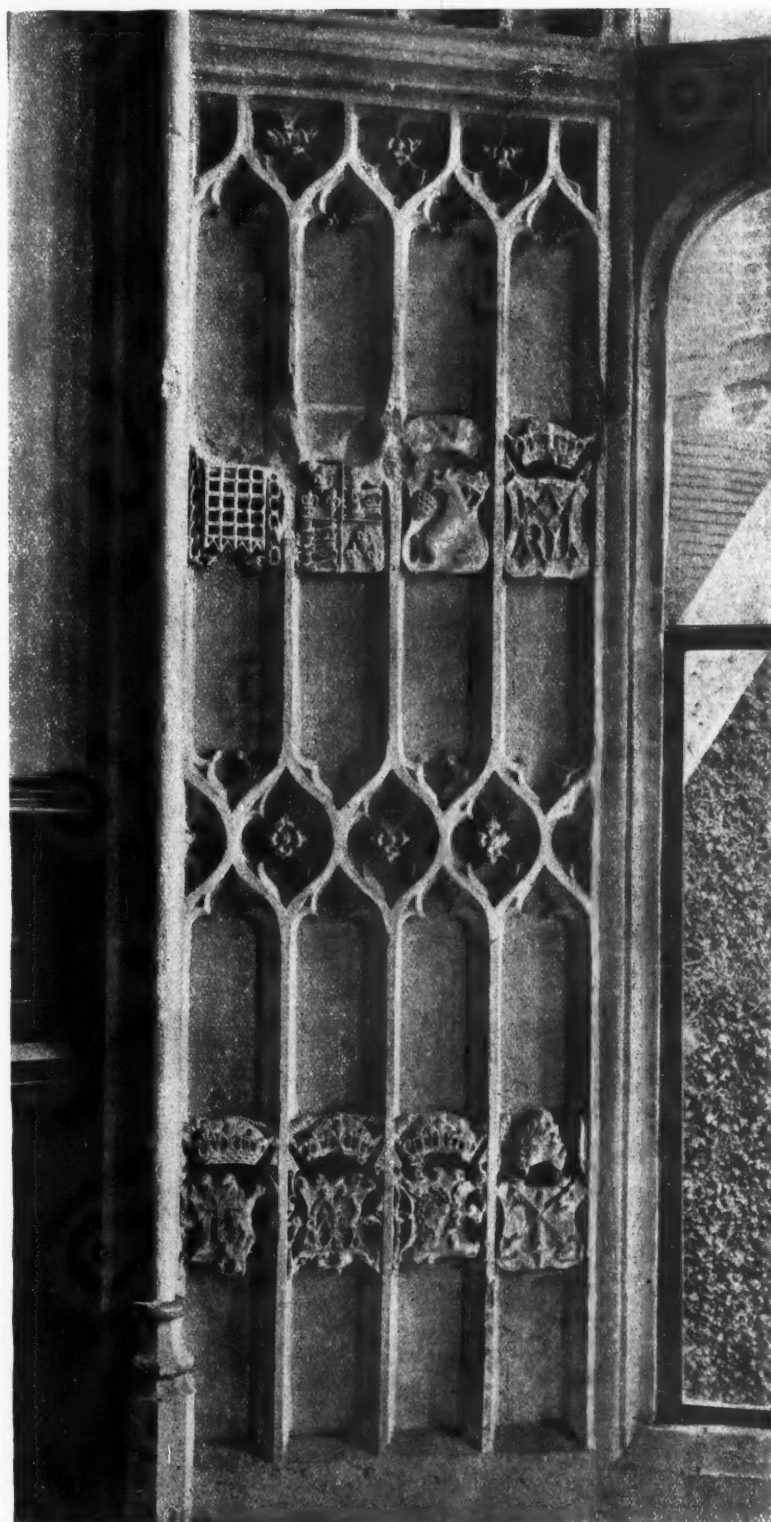
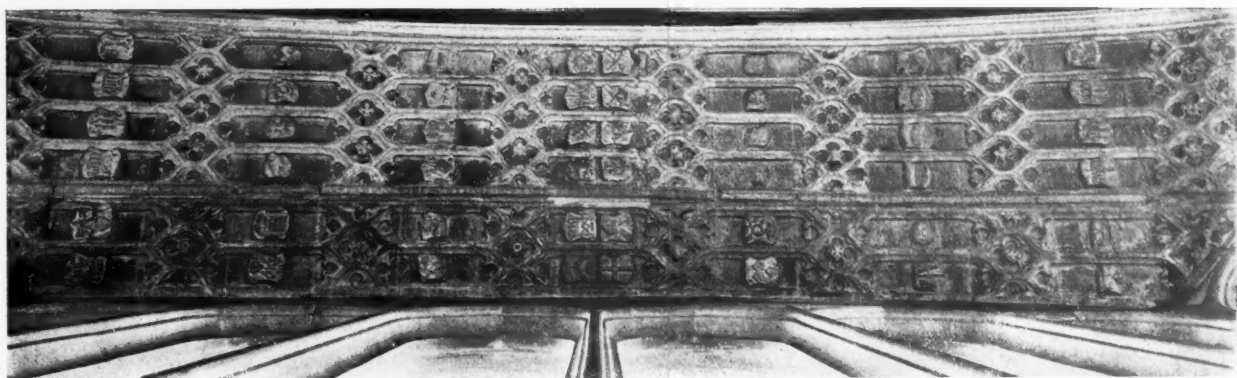
"C.L."

The interior jambs and head of the oriel occur mainly, and are formed in, the thickness of the wall. The entire area of these jambs and arch-soffit is elaborately panelled out, each panel having a cusped head and bearing in its centre a shield charged with arms or other device, numbering seventy-two in all. In addition, the ceiling of the oriel where it occurs between the splayed or canted sides is treated in a similar manner, there being an additional sixteen shields in this portion. The design of the interior is further beautified and completed by the addition of a finely moulded rere-arch springing from circular shafts with moulded caps and bases.

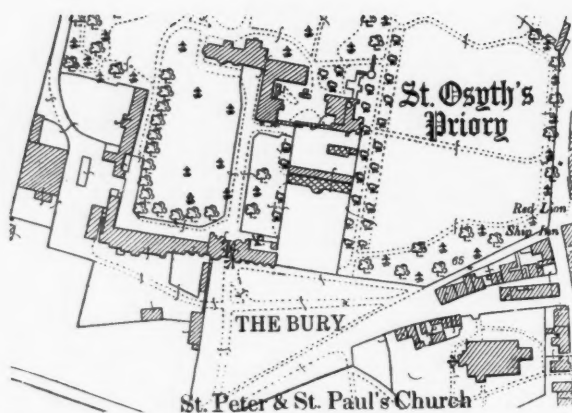
Among the shields occur the following arms or symbols: The portcullis, the arms of England and France, the rebus of Vyntoner frequently repeated. The date of the window, 1527, shown on the ceiling of the oriel; on the dexter side in Roman and on the sinister side in Arabic characters.

THE ROOF OF THE NORTH AISLE OF THE NAVE OF THE PARISH CHURCH.

There is reason to believe that the parish church originally consisted of a Norman nave with south and perhaps north aisles, early English transepts and chancel and central tower. Early in the sixteenth century the monks began to rebuild the church, and before the dissolution had completed the nave with its arcade on each side of five brick arches supported on moulded pillars with caps and bases. The new chancel arch remained uncompleted and consists of two piers pierced by hagioscopes. The original chancel and transepts were left untouched. The finely executed roof of the north aisle consists of five bays with six principals, including two wall principals at the east and west ends. Each bay is divided into two parts by intermediate rafters. A pole plate is carried right through and there are purlins on either side. The principals and intermediate rafters are framed at each end into wall plates. Each bay has twelve common rafters. The principals have wall pieces and shaped braces, and at the point of intersection, beneath the pole plate, is a carved pendentive. The principals, intermediates, plate, pole plates, and purlins are richly carved; but the common rafters, the braces to the principals, and the wall pieces have simple moulds worked along their edges. A feature to be remarked is the insertion of an elaborately carved



DETAILS OF SHIELDS AND INTERIOR WORK OF THE ORIEL WINDOW.



GROUND PLAN OF THE PRIORY.

bracket to the last principal of the easternmost bay. This, in all probability, is a much later addition, and it is difficult

to explain the reason of its insertion. It is supported by a fragment of stone which originally formed a portion of the cusped head of a window. There are good reasons for believing that this roof belongs to the earlier part of the sixteenth century and was executed during the abbacy of John Vyntoner.

#### THE OAK PANELLING PRESERVED WITHIN THE MODERN MANSION.

The panels date from the first quarter of the sixteenth century. The rails and muntings and styles, which form the frames of the panels are modern. The designs of the panels are very rich and varied, the prevailing *motif* being that of the vine. In many of the panels there are shields bearing devices and badges, among them being the three combs of Cuthbert Tunstall, Bishop of London, the tun of Vyntoner, the knot and water bouget of Bouchier, the mullet of the De Veres, the cross-keys and sword of St. Peter and St. Paul, the stag of St. Osyth, and the abbot's mitre. Twelve or more of the panels show a large lozenge as the principal member of the design. This is interesting, as the same design, or one very similar to it, appeared on some panels which originally existed at Layer Marney, but which have, unfortunately, disappeared.

#### THE DARCY MONUMENTS.

Two monuments are in the chancel of the parish church. They were erected by Thomas, third Lord Darcy, in accordance with a direction in the will (proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, March 14th, 1580) of his father, John, second Lord Darcy, to the memory of Thomas, the first Lord Darcy, and his wife Elizabeth, daughter of John de Vere, the fifteenth Earl of Oxford, and of John, second Lord Darcy, and Frances his wife, daughter of Richard, the first Baron Rich of Leez Priory near Chelmsford.

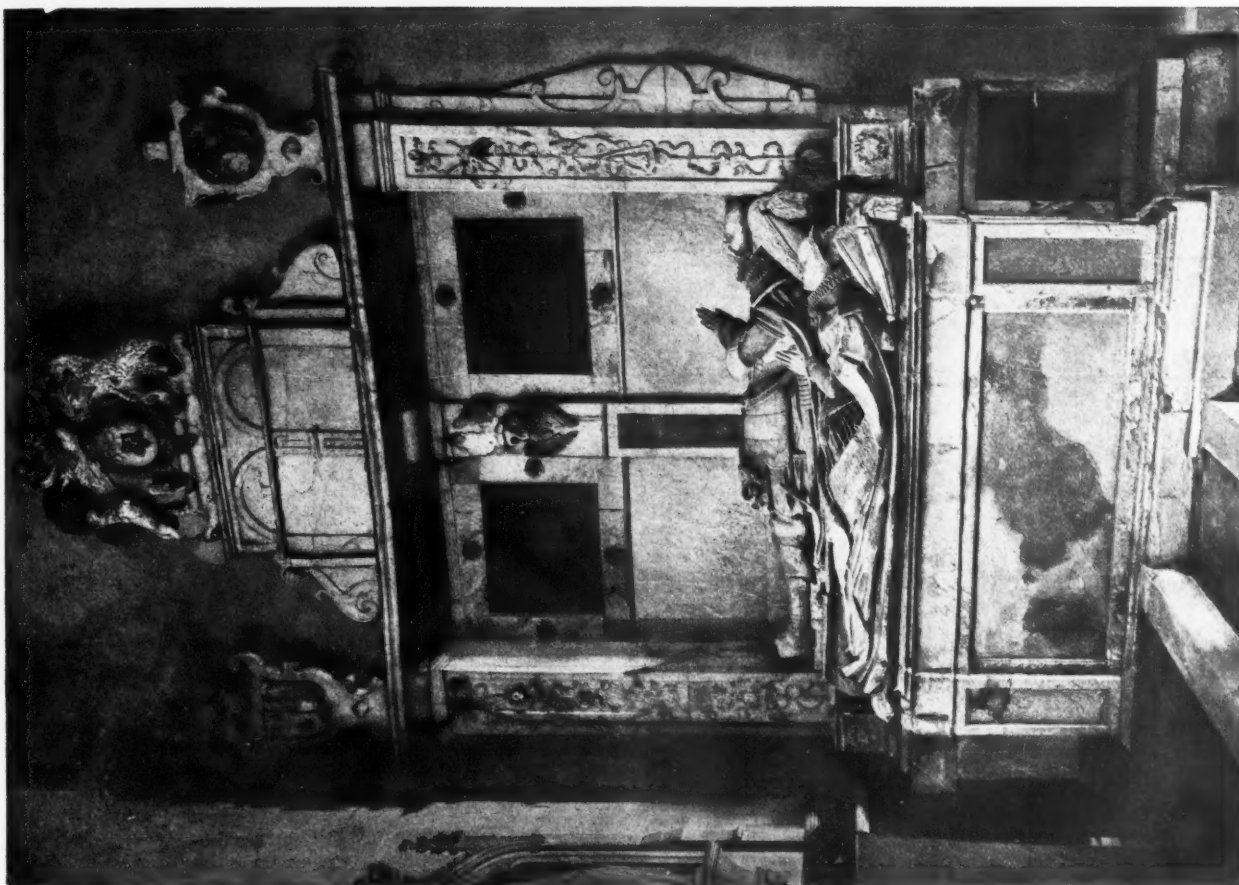
The monument on the south side is that of the first Lord Darcy. The design consists of an altar tomb executed in marble and alabaster, with panelled front on which the effigies lie. That of Lord Darcy is placed upon a shelf about a foot higher than his wife. He is arrayed in the half armour of the period, with the puffed breeches and a ruff round his neck; he has the garter round his left leg and wears the mantle of the Order; his hands are in an attitude of prayer; he wears a long pointed beard; his head rests upon a richly embroidered cushion. Below him is the effigy of his wife, the Lady Elizabeth. She is dressed in a tight-fitting bodice with pointed stomacher, and a loose skirt, which is in great part concealed by a fur-lined mantle with fur collar, hanging from her shoulders. She wears a ruff, and a cap with jewelled band upon her head, and her hands are also in an attitude of prayer; her head rests upon two embroidered pillows, and at her feet is a boar, her father's crest. (Evidently a boar was adopted because its French name, *verrat*, suggested a play upon the name Vere.) All the details of these effigies and their dresses are beautifully executed and there



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FOURTEENTH CENTURY GATEWAY TO THE BANTAM YARD.

"C.L."

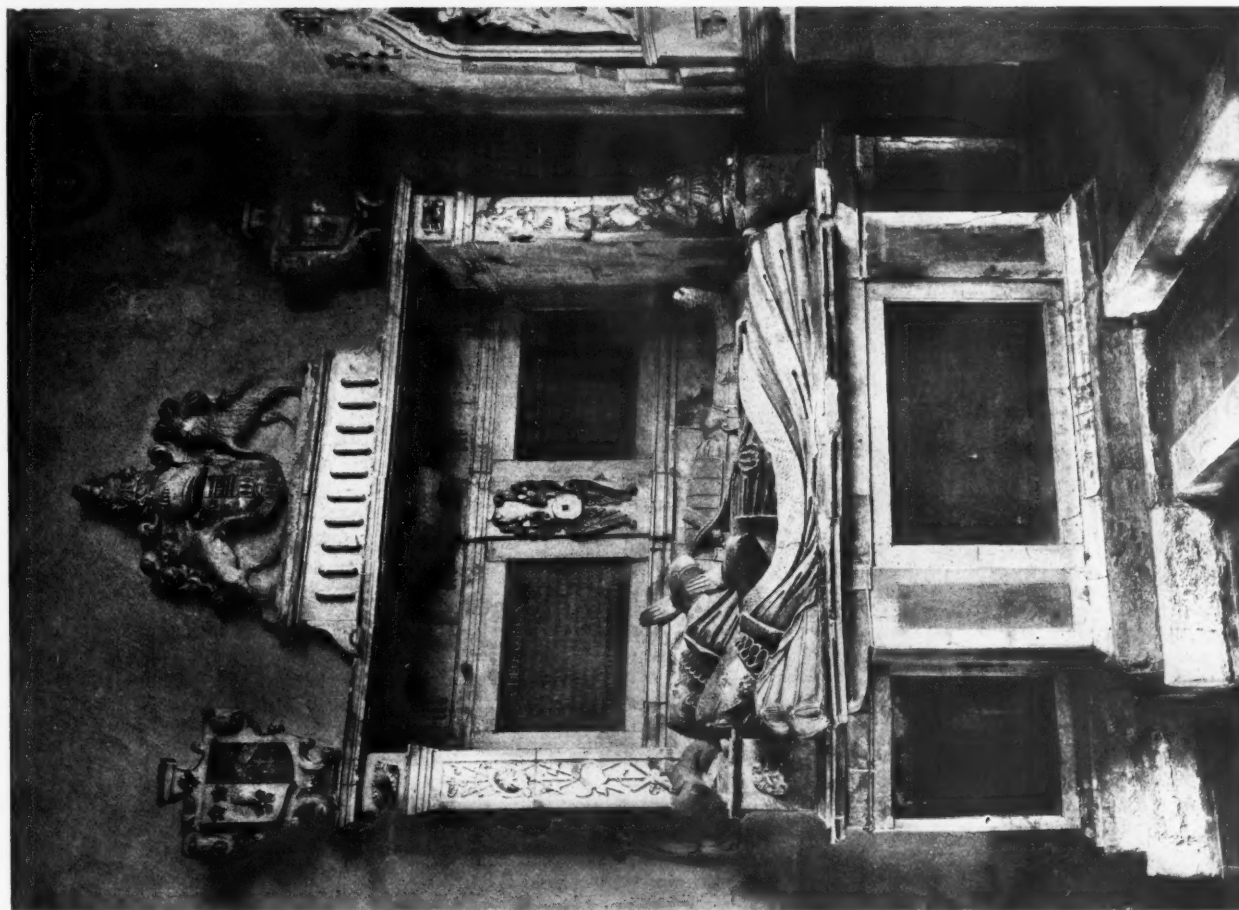


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THE TOMB OF THE FIRST LORD DARCY.

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THE DARCY TOMBS.



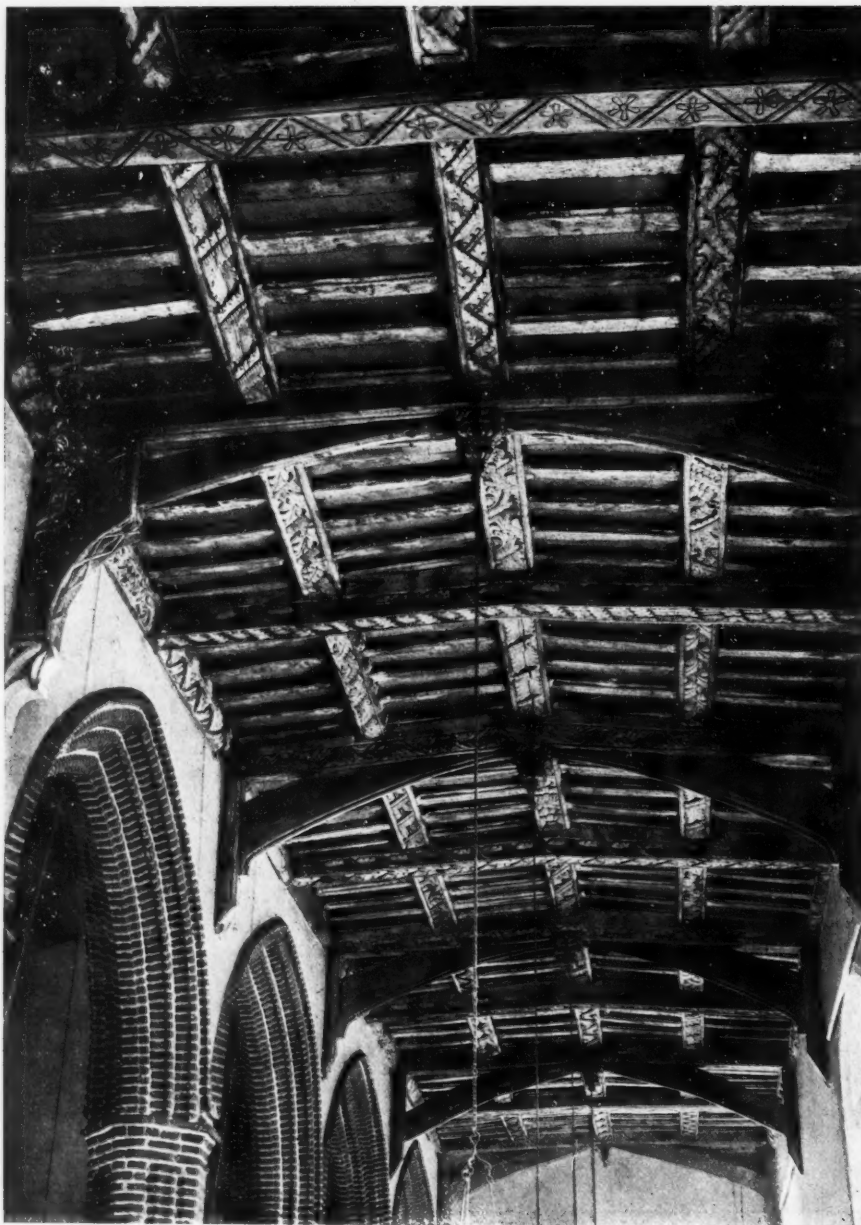
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TOMB OF THE SECOND LORD DARCY.

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THE CHURCH OF ST. PETER, ST. PAUL AND ST. OSYTH.



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ROOF OF THE NORTH AISLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

are remains of colour upon both. Three pilasters, two of them enriched with devices on panels support the cornice and enclose two panels upon which are inscriptions. The cornice is surmounted in the centre by a double arch supporting the achievement, and over each pilaster is a scrolled panel containing a shield.

The achievement: The arms. *Argent* three cinquefoils pierced *gules*. Darcy, surrounded by the motto of the Order of the Garter. Supporters—on the dexter side a hart *ermine*, attired and unguled *or*; on the sinister, a goat *argent*, crined and armed, *or*; the whole surmounted by a baron's helmet, and, upon a wreath the mutilated crest, which was a demi-virgin proper, vested *gules*, crined *or*, holding in the right hand a branch of three roses of the second, seeded, slipped and leaved of the first.

The shield over the dexter pilaster, Darcy impaling De Vere.

The shield over the sinister pilaster, De Vere.

The badge of a white, surmounted of a red rose, seeded *or*, occurs several times on the monument.

The inscriptions are in Latin and may be rendered in English as follows:

The Right Honourable Thomas Lord Darcy, Baron of Chich, Vice Chamberlain and Privy Councillor to King Edward VI, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter of St. George; a man distinguished for his talents, his courage and his birth, being descended from De Arcy, a Norman, who came over to England with William the Conqueror.

Near him lies his dear and faithful wife, the Right Honourable Lady Elizabeth de Vere, eldest daughter of John de Vere, Earl of Oxford. These were the grandfather and grandmother of the Right Honourable Thomas Lord Darcy, Baron of Chich, who erected this marble monument to their memory as a proof of his affection.

The monument on the north side is that of the second Lord Darcy. In general character and design it bears a striking resemblance to that of his father, although it is not quite so large. It is also executed in marble and alabaster, but generally the workmanship is not so skilful as that of the other monument. The costumes of both are very similar to those of the first Lord and Lady Darcy, there being only a few alterations in the details. His feet rest against his crest, and probably her feet rested against her father's crest, which was on a mount *vert*, a wyvern wings expanded, *argent*; but this has disappeared. There are two panels with inscriptions over, and the whole is surmounted in the centre by a pedestal carrying the baron's achievement. The arms quarterly of six:

1 and 6. *Argent* three cinquefoils *gules*. Darcy.

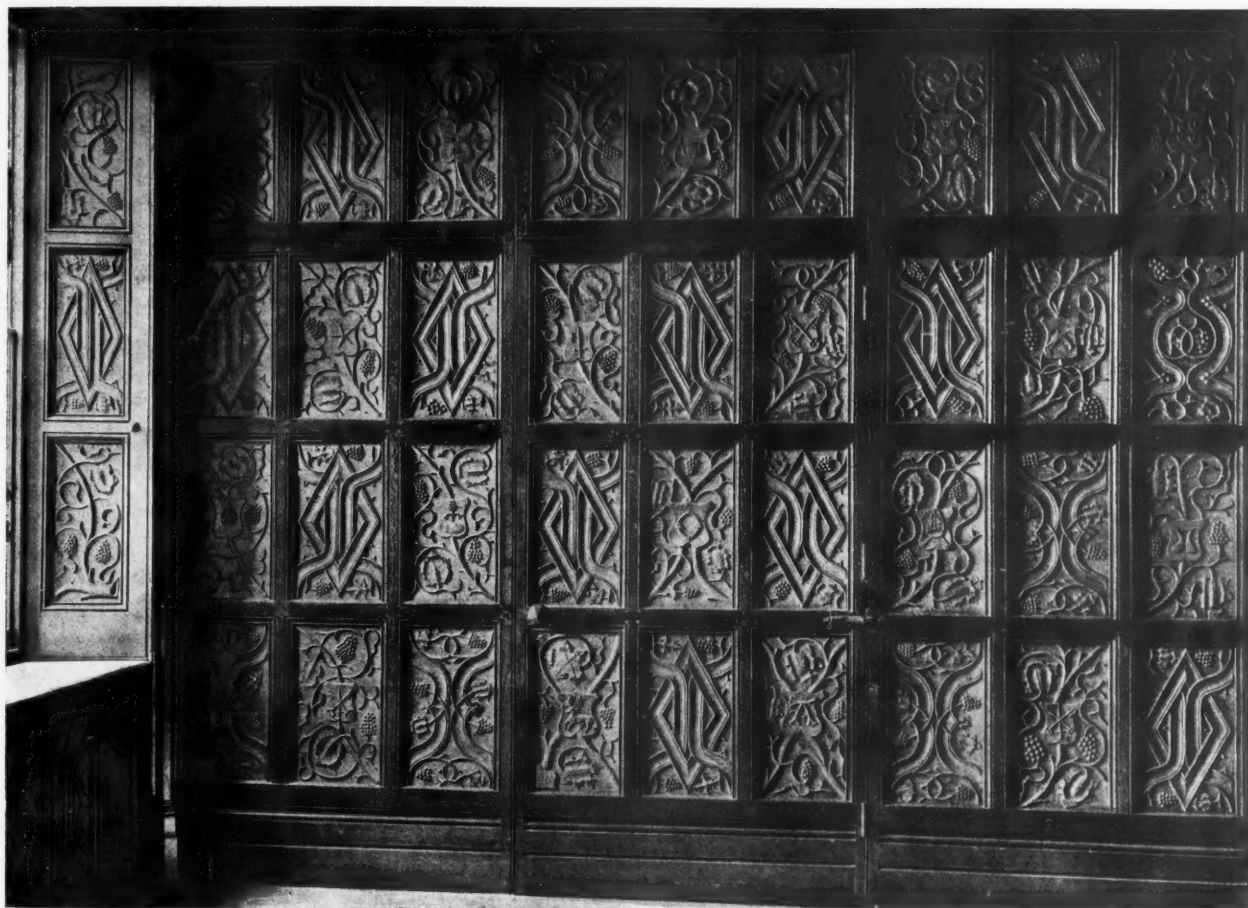
2. *Argent* a fess *ermine*, between two bars *gemelles sable*. Harleston.

3. *Gules* a goat salient *argent* armed and unguled *or*, Bardwell.

4. *Argent* a chevron in dexter chief an annulet *sable*. Wanton.

5. *Argent* a fess between six leaves, *gules*. Fitzlangley.

Supporters a hart and goat as before. The whole surmounted by a baron's helmet with a wreath carrying the Darcy crest. On either side is a shield, Darcy impaling Rich.



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OAK PANELLING FIRST QUARTER SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The inscription in Latin may be rendered as follows :

Here lies buried the Right Honourable Lord John Darcy, Knight, Baron Darcy of Chich, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Essex under Queen Elizabeth, Son of Lord Thomas Darcy, Baron Darcy, and the Lady Elizabeth, daughter of John de Vere, Earl of Oxford. He married, Frances, daughter of Lord Robert [Robert is evidently a mistake. Lady Darcy's father was Richard the first Baron Rich of Leez. She was his ninth child.] Rich, Baron of Leez, by whom he had three sons and two daughters; namely, Thomas, the eldest son, and heir of his father's fortune, honours and virtues, now living; John and Robert, who died unmarried; Elizabeth (distinguished as much for her virtues as her rank), the wife of Lord John Lumley, Baron of Lumley; and Winifred, who died in infancy. Lord John, Baron Darcy, deceased 23 February, A.D. 1581, in the 57th year of his age; to

whom, as a mark of his respect and affection, Lord Thomas, Baron Darcy, Viscount Colchester, and Earl Rivers, his eldest son, caused this marble monument to be erected.

In the centre panel of the altar tomb is the inscription :

Here lieth Frances daughter  
to Richard Lord Rich married  
to John Lord Darcy of Chich.

In concluding this series of articles on St. Osyth's Priory I should like to acknowledge very gratefully the help I have received in writing them from Sir William St. John Hope and Mr. Wykeham Chancellor.

T. H. CURLING.

## FREDERICK COURTENAY SELOUS, D.S.O.

By H. A. BRYDEN.

WE have all hoped to see a good life of the great Englishman who died in German East Africa last year, and here, in the "Life of F. C. Selous" (Longmans), by an old friend, we have attained our desire. Mr. Millais has been well equipped for the task. He has known Selous intimately for many years; he is a great sportsman and naturalist himself, and he has the right sympathy with and understanding of the noble character he portrays. For that Selous' was a very rare and heroic nature everyone who has known him and has followed closely the wonderful sequence of his adventurous career is well aware. His was the finest type of British character; in him we saw united with a marvellous courage, truth, honour, courtesy, and a very striking modesty and simplicity. After a career of more than forty years of adventure in many regions of the world it seemed hard to his family and friends that this great Englishman should die by a German bullet in the wilds of East Africa. Yet we question if he would himself have desired a more fitting resting-place than the soil of that country in which, from earliest boyhood, he had longed to seek adventure and which he loved so well. If ever man had "Africa" graven in his soul, it was Selous. Not long before the war broke out the great hunter told the present writer, during a talk which lasted far into the night, that he hoped one day to take his eldest boy, then at Rugby, out to South Africa to revisit the scenes of his own earlier adventures. That keen pleasure was denied to him, and by a tragic fate his son, by this time Captain Fred. Selous, M.C., of the Royal Flying Corps, was killed in action in

France on the anniversary of his father's death. This son—a splendid lad—inherited many of his father's fine qualities and would undoubtedly have gone far if he had been spared.

Where and how did Selous get his great qualities, those noble gifts which made him so beloved and admired by all who came in contact with him? His ancestors on the paternal side were from Jersey and descended from French Huguenots who came thither after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. There was a strain of ancient Norman blood and of various good English and Scottish families. Among these latter may be named the Bruces of Clackmannan, who claim kinship with Robert the Bruce and are connected in the past with the celebrated Abyssinian traveller of the eighteenth century. Selous' father was a successful stockbroker, gifted with many artistic qualities, but having, curiously enough, no bent whatever for the active life of the open air. His two uncles—on the father's side—were respectively: the one a well known artist, the other a writer and dramatist. On his mother's side—she was a Sherborn of Bedford, near Staines—he traced, in addition to the Bruce connection, to good English county families. Far back on this side of his pedigree was Archbishop Holgate of York, who was, says Selous' surviving brother, "a great rogue and hand in glove with Henry VIII in the spoliation of the monasteries; yet he redeemed himself by the establishment of Free Schools which flourish in York to this day."

"It may be," continues his brother, Mr. Edmund Selous (himself a writer and naturalist of distinction), "that the spirit of romance and adventure that we breathed in from our earliest

years had some influence on my brother Fred and fired his imagination; but why from the very first there should have been the persistent desire, like an *idée fixe*, for Africa I cannot tell, unless, indeed, it might be something of Abyssinian Bruce cropping up again. But as a child he would have a wagon for a toy, to load and unload, and for his school prize books he would always choose one on Africa. This desire for the dark continent remained constant in him till satisfied, and, indeed, to the last."

Among books of adventure that undoubtedly penetrated his soul was, as he has told the reviewer, Baldwin's "African Hunting from Natal to the Zambesi," which first appeared in 1863. This work, splendidly illustrated by Wolff and Zwecker, captured many a boy's imagination of that period. Who can forget the wonderful picture of the lion chasing Baldwin in the Kalahari Desert, just missing the bold sportsman as he leans far over on the near side of his horse, and actually brushing his right shoulder in his spring? Baldwin, who was a mighty sportsman and actually rode steeple-chases in Cheshire till he was seventy years of age, notwithstanding this fiery trial, pulled up when the lion had missed its rush and slew the man-eater at his next shot. How this and other books had fired the lad's imagination, and what immense determination even then possessed his young soul, may be gathered from the following fragment of his early life. At Bilton Rectory, where he went preparatory to going to Rugby, his master, the Rev. Charles Darnell, discovered him one night "lying flat on the bare floor clothed only in his nightshirt. On being asked the cause of this curious behaviour he replied, 'Well, you see, one day I am going to be a hunter in Africa and I am just hardening myself to sleep on the ground.'"

At Rugby, Selous' adventurous qualities were well known and recognised. He was even then a great field naturalist, and his capture of herons' eggs in circumstances of extreme difficulty, and other episodes related in Mr. Millais' biography, indicate completely the bent of his mind and his invincible patience and determination in pursuit of his object even in those early years. This patient determination never quitted him. He learnt to shoot with the rifle at Rugby, beginning with the



ELEPHANTS.

old Enfield; and he became, of course, an expert with this weapon, just as do the Boers of South Africa, from constant handling and practice. Yet, even with his beloved comrade, the rifle, he never pretended to achieve the extraordinary excellence of certain sportsmen. He called himself to his friends "a fair shot with the rifle and nothing more," as the reviewer has more than once heard him remark. With the shot gun, on the contrary, he was for many years nothing like so familiar or so expert. This trait is not remarkable, for as a general rule much rifle shooting is not conducive to quickness and accuracy with the fowling piece. How he improved his shooting with this weapon is very well told by Mr. Millais.

"After his marriage, in 1895, he spent much of his time in England, and took 'seriously' to the shot gun. I say 'seriously,' because everything he did was adopted with the same wholeheartedness that he brought to other things. At first it must be admitted he was a very poor performer and did not kill any except the ordinary rising bird; but as time went on, he practised so assiduously that he was soon able to kill a few driven grouse and partridges. After twenty years he became quite a good shot, certainly above the average, but was always depressed that he could not master the slowness which is ever the lot of a man who takes up the shot gun after middle age. Such, however, was his persistence and determination to excel that on one occasion he performed so well that his hosts thought he had been shooting with the smoothbore all his life, and complimented him on his skill. I remember one day in particular at Tatton Park, Lord Egerton's beautiful seat in Cheshire, when Selous really shot brilliantly and quite as well as any of the other guns, who were accounted first-class shots. We killed over one thousand pheasants that day, and Selous took down the high birds with a speed and accuracy that I think even astonished himself. He was like a schoolboy in his joy that day at shooting so well, and as usual said it was a 'fluke' and he could never do it again." One can well imagine that Selous was just as pleased that day as when he killed his first lion. "Another day," says his biographer, "at Swythamley,



FARU! FARU!

thought he had been shooting with the smoothbore all his life, and complimented him on his skill. I remember one day in particular at Tatton Park, Lord Egerton's beautiful seat in Cheshire, when Selous really shot brilliantly and quite as well as any of the other guns, who were accounted first-class shots. We killed over one thousand pheasants that day, and Selous took down the high birds with a speed and accuracy that I think even astonished himself. He was like a schoolboy in his joy that day at shooting so well, and as usual said it was a 'fluke' and he could never do it again." One can well imagine that Selous was just as pleased that day as when he killed his first lion. "Another day," says his biographer, "at Swythamley,

where at the invitation of our old friend, Sir Philip Brocklehurst, we drove the moor for grouse, Selous killed for the first time twenty birds at one stand. He was in the seventh heaven of delight, nearly walked us off our legs, and told us 'lion' stories till far into the night." Selous, unlike the majority of sportsmen, was an excellent conversationalist, though he never opened out unless he knew you well or was aware that you really wished to gather advice from his experiences. Then he would release the treasures of his mind and tell his experiences in the most delightful way; and an evening thus spent with him was one of the greatest pleasures that can be imagined. For, besides being a man of action, he was a great reader, an observer of extraordinary keenness, and had thought much, deeply and soundly, on those subjects that interested him. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, who knew Selous well and corresponded much with him (many of his letters are quoted from in this book), well illustrates this narrative side of his character. Speaking of so many sportsmen who will never open out in conversation, he says: "This really represents extreme self-consciousness, and it is only one degree less obnoxious than the self-consciousness which shows itself in boasting and bragging. . . . Selous was as free from this vice as from its opposite. He never boasted. He was transparently truthful. But it never occurred to him not to tell of his experiences, and he related them very simply, but very vividly, and with the attention to minute details which marks the born observer and narrator."

In his remarks on pages 189-192 Mr. Millais compares Selous' feats as a lion hunter with the performances of sportsmen who have hunted these carnivora with very different weapons and under far more favourable circumstances in East Africa. Selous shot all his lions between 1872 and 1892. During this period he killed thirty-one of these animals to his own rifle and assisted in the death of eleven others. He was certainly regarded in South Africa during these years as the greatest lion hunter of his time. Old Piet Jacobs, a noted frontier Boer elephant hunter, who died in the seventies of the last century, was said to have slain a hundred lions in his time, and had undoubtedly, as Selous has himself told the reviewer, killed very many. But the feats of Dutch South African hunters

must always be taken with a considerable pinch of salt; and it is more than probable that many of Jacobs' lions were killed in the old Boer manner by a combined volley of rifles.

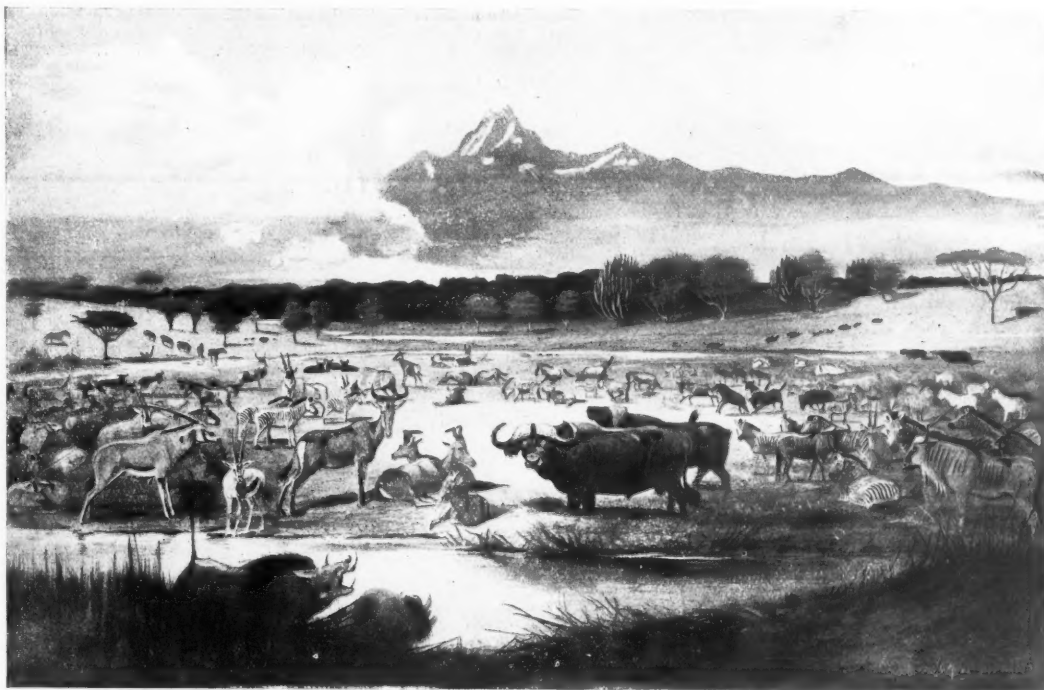
We think it is hardly fair to compare Selous' records in South Africa with those of a much later date in East Africa. He shot, in his early years, with indifferent rifles and in country which could never compare with East Africa in its wealth of lions. In South Africa, even in Selous' time, lions were always comparatively scarce beasts; in East Africa they have been found in extraordinary abundance. Selous was, in the seventies and early eighties of last century, too busy hunting elephants for their ivory to trouble much about lions, and certainly never thought of making any great bag of these animals. In East Africa, in recent years, they have been pursued by men who developed special methods of destruction, and even attempted to establish "record bags." A comparison of mere numbers would, therefore, under such circumstances, be entirely unjust to Selous.

Mr. Millais has written a delightful book which gives us a clear and a true picture of the real Selous, surely one of the finest and most heroic characters of the last hundred years—from head to foot a very noble Englishman, who, at the age of sixty-five, gave his life, with all the generosity of youth, for his country. The volume is abundantly illustrated, mainly from drawings by the author. There is one misprint we should like to see altered in future editions of this book. Selous always spelt his second name Courteney, and not Courtenay. It is a small thing, but it may as well be put right.

## THE GREAT HORNED OWL AS A DECOY

A HIGHLY effective method of destroying vermin birds is one that is well known almost throughout Europe, but which, to the best of the writer's knowledge, is practically unknown to the preservers of game in the British Isles—that is, the use of the great horned owl as a decoy. The great horned owl is probably the fiercest and most formidable of all birds of prey, and when seen in the daylight its sinister presence causes the utmost chaos among the wild denizens of the woods. That it is more formidable than the eagle would seem to be proved by the fact that the sight of it is sufficient to reduce the so-called king of birds to a state of screaming rage and panic; and just as an ordinary brown owl occupying a visible position in the woods at daytime collects a mob of small birds clamouring round it, so the great horned owl collects a mob of birds of every variety, including the fiercest and most formidable of its own carnivorous kindred.

As has been intimated, almost throughout Europe, particularly in France and Austria, this fact is made good use of by game preservers, where the owl, either alive or stuffed, is used as a decoy. If a live specimen be used, the bird is set on a perch in a convenient position, with timber adjacent in which the intended quarry can alight. The perch is so arranged that it can be jerked by a string, one end of which is held by the hidden gunner, and each jerk causes the bird to extend its wings, thus making itself conspicuous. If a stuffed specimen be used, it is placed in the same way, and the necessary movement is



MOUNT KENIA FROM THE SOUTH.

effected similarly by a string, the jerking of which has the effect of spreading the wings of the decoy. The writer has been informed by many who have tried it that this method is most deadly and affords much amusement. The appearance of the great owl has the effect of collecting hawks, buzzards, crows, even eagles, and particularly magpies and jays, in an agitated mob, and even though repeatedly fired at they often refuse to leave the vicinity.

As to whether the method would work in England remains for experiment to prove, but the writer has every confidence that it would. In many parts of France where it is practised the great horned owl is practically unknown as a natural species, yet the effect is the same. The fierce appearance of the birds is evidently sufficient to arouse instinctive fear and hatred among the rest of the feathered kindred, even though the species may not be among their recognised foes; and, now war is over, some effective steps will certainly have to be taken to reduce the much increased number of birds of prey in the British Isles. Hawks and magpies have increased enormously during the absence of "the man with the gun"; indeed, when last in England the writer observed as many as seven hawks flying together, a sight which would certainly have been phenomenal before the war.

Canada can supply all the great horned owls there is likely to be a demand for. All over the Dominion they are increasing in numbers, and in many localities, as in Vancouver Island, bounties are paid for all dead specimens handed in, as the damage this bird is capable of effecting is enormous.

H. MORTIMER BATTEN.

## IN THE GARDEN

### HARDY FERNS IN WINTER.

BY GERTRUDE JEKYLL.

THESE are a certain number of our hardy Ferns that are not only at their best in the early winter months, but that will endure in beauty throughout the whole of the cold season. Of our larger common kinds the graceful Lady Fern is the first to go, and by the end of October the Male Fern is looking yellowish and possibly a little dishevelled, but the Prickly Shield Fern (*Aspidium aculeatum*) holds its deep green fronds bravely right through the winter. The Hart's-tongue (*Scolopendrium vulgare*) is another of the good winter Ferns, for then the masses of glossy foliage are at their best. It is one of the kinds of which there are innumerable varieties in different forms of crested and tasselled. These are interesting curiosities, but, after all, they are vagaries, if not monstrosities, and with but few exceptions are actually less beautiful than the type forms, which are all that is wanted for simple gardening.

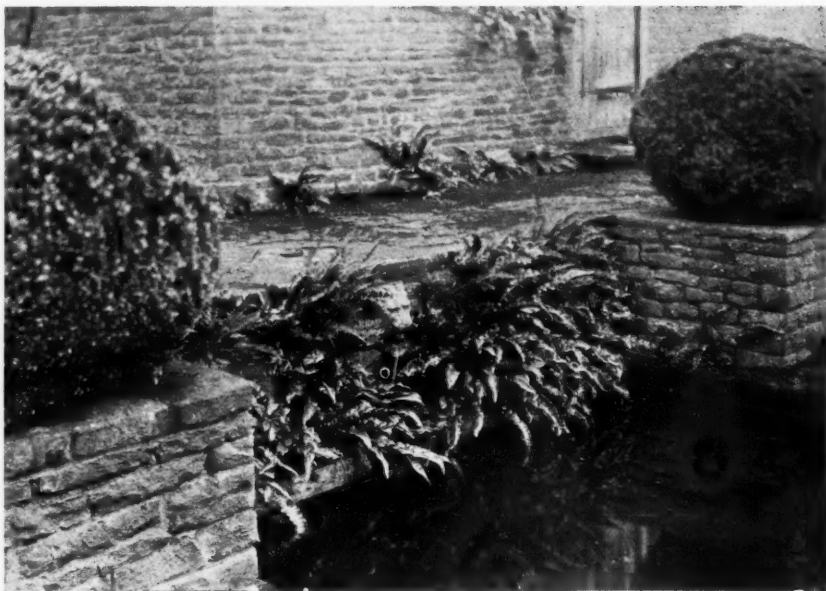
Another of the good winter Ferns is the common Polypody, abundant on woody banks on sandy soils, and frequent on mossy tree trunks and moss-grown roofs. For rough dry walls in cool aspects nothing is better than these Ferns. The Polypody, though slow to take hold at first, increases fast when well established. One of the illustrations shows the wall of a tank facing north, now well clothed with Polypody and Hart's-tongue, with some tufts of Maidenhair Spleenwort (*Asplenium Trichomanes*). One of these shows just beyond the sculptured lion's head which lets in the water.

A small space of sheltered ground might well be given as a complete hardy winter garden, of which the Ferns would be the chief occupants. It would have besides, some bushes of the berried *Pernettyas*, as well as the taller-growing kind that fruits more sparingly, and it should have the good winter foliage of *Aucuba* and *Skimmia*, and between the Ferns and green bushes groups of Christmas Roses, of which the large early kind flowers in November. There would also be tufts of *Ophiopogon Jaburan*, that handsome Japanese plant of which a striped variety is grown in greenhouses. But the type plant, with its handsome tufts of dark green linear leaves, is hardy, and its form and habit are in pleasant contrast to those of the Ferns. Moreover, it flowers so late that its spikes of purple bloom, something like Grape Hyacinth, still show colour throughout November.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF NEWLY PLANTED RASPBERRIES.

SIR,—I have planted some Raspberry canes and have procured, I believe, the strongest-growing and heaviest-cropping varieties obtainable, viz., Pyne's Royal and The Devon. I have planted these in rows, two canes together, at a distance of 2 ins. in the row. I am very anxious to obtain a crop of Raspberries next year if in any way possible. I have well dug and manured the ground, planted the canes, and top-dressed with long manure. Is there any chance of my obtaining a crop if I cut down the one cane and leave the other; and to help matters ought I to dress with any artificial manure? If so, what and when? The idea of cutting down the one cane in every group was to ensure bottom growth the ensuing year. I am sorry to have made such a long, rambling statement, but trust



FERNS ON A TANK WALL.



HART'S-TONGUE FERNS.



PRICKLY SHIELD FERN.

I have made myself quite clear, and that you can help me in this matter.—RASPBERRIES.

[With reference to the cultivation, manuring of the ground, and planting of the canes, the work, we think, has been carried out quite right. Among the varieties, we think Superlative should have been included. As regards fruiting the canes next summer, this depends on the strength and quantity of roots, as well as on the strength of the canes. If both are

good and strong, then the plan that you suggest may be carried out, at any rate with partial success; but if the canes and roots are weak or even moderately weak, then, undoubtedly, your best plan will be to cut down both canes low to the ground in spring before growth commences. The young canes which will then spring from the root stock should form fine canes during the summer, and give you a good return of fruit the following year.—ED.]

## LITERATURE

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK

**Prime Ministers and Some Others**, by the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell. (T. Fisher Unwin).

NO journalist-politician has made more of his reminiscences than the Hon. G. W. E. Russell. Yet his public, we have no doubt, will read with zest his little sketches of ten Prime Ministers which are the chief element in his new book, *Prime Ministers and Some Others*. Though the war is ended, heart-searching is only beginning, and many a curious and rather stern eye is turned back to those who have had the destinies of this country in their charge for the last three quarters of a century. If Mr. Russell had been writing a grave review of the period anterior to the war he could not have begun with anyone more appropriate than Lord Palmerston. But, unfortunately, the sketch done of that remarkable man is light, skittish and touched with venom, by no means a fair examination of the part played by Pam in European politics. Mr. Russell tries to be amusing and he succeeds. As a boy he frequently attended the gallery of the House of Commons and has a personal memory of Palmerston's "abrupt, jerky, rather bow-wow style." He quotes with gusto the acid reference to him by Bishop Wilberforce when he had just refused to make him Archbishop of York:

He manages the House of Commons by debauching it, making all parties laugh at one another; the Tories at the Liberals, by his defeating all Liberal measures; the Liberals at the Tories, by their consciousness of getting everything that is to be got in Church and State; and all at one another, by substituting low ribaldry for argument, bad jokes for principle, and an openly avowed, vain-glorious, imbecile vanity as a panoply to guard himself from the attacks of all thoughtful men.

His nickname of "Cupid" and what it implied, his not very cordial relations with Queen Victoria, and, above all, his appetite, engage very close attention. Speaker Dennison, afterwards Lord Ossington, has left on record an illuminating note as to Palmerston's quality as a trencherman. He tells that at his own Full Dress Dinner the statesman consumed two plates of turtle soup, followed by cod and oyster sauce, after which he devoured a pâté, and two greasy-looking entrées. Then he had a plate of cold mutton, a slice of ham and a helping of pheasant. If we allow for the garnishing it must be admitted that this was a liberal meal. A few weeks after, the Speaker was talking to Palmerston and made a conventional enquiry as to his health, to which he received the cheerful reply that age was creeping on, but instead of walking home at night he took a cab, "and if you have both windows open it is almost as good as walking home." "Almost as good!" exclaimed the Speaker. "A through draught and a north-east wind! And in a hack cab! What a combination for health!"

There is not much beyond this kind of thing in Mr. Russell's reminiscences of Palmerston, and it is highly calculated to mislead the young reader, who would be astonished were he, after perusal of these pages, to come across the opinion expressed by Lord Shaftesbury:

I admired, every day more, his patriotism, his simplicity of purpose, his indefatigable spirit, his unfailing good humour, his kindness of heart, his prompt, tender, and active considerations for others in the midst of his heaviest toils and anxieties."

At no time was Great Britain respected more sincerely through the length and breadth of Europe than when Palmerston was Prime Minister. He was one of the greatest of English politicians.

The next who comes on the scene is Lord John Russell, whose point of view was entirely different. He may fitly be described as the first of those Prime Ministers of England who were concerned more with domestic than with foreign policy. The most interesting passage is that in which he describes the days spent in Pembroke Lodge with his famous uncle:

I have no happier memory than of hours spent there by the side of one who had played bat, trap and ball with Charles Fox; had been the travelling

companion of Lord Holland; had corresponded with Tom Moore, debated with Francis Jeffrey, and dined with Dr. Parr; had visited Melrose Abbey in the company of Sir Walter Scott, and criticised the acting of Mrs. Siddons; had conversed with Napoleon in his seclusion at Elba, and had ridden with the Duke of Wellington along the lines of Torres Vedras. It was not without reason that Lord Russell, when reviewing his career, epitomised it in Dryden's couplet:

"Not heaven itself upon the past has power.

But what has been has been, and I have had my hour."

Lord Derby, who succeeded Russell, does not seem to have come closely within the ken of the writer of the book, who becomes amusing again when he reaches Lord Beaconsfield. No doubt European politics were studied carefully by "Dizzy," though his Oriental mind did not deal with them so practically as did his Continental contemporaries.

Next comes Gladstone, who concentrated all his will and energy on domestic reform and allowed foreign policy to get out of hand altogether. In this case Mr. Russell supplements his biographical memoir with a paper called "Gladstone after Twenty Years." Gladstone died on May 19th, 1898. Gladstone hated war, but at this moment it is good to recall his saying about Belgium, that, if it should "go plump down the maw of another country to satisfy dynastic greed, the tragedy would come near to the extinction of public right in Europe, and I do not think we could look on while the sacrifice of freedom and independence was in course of consummation." In other words, Gladstone would have supported the declaration of war made by Mr. Asquith as Premier and Sir Edward Grey, now Lord Grey of Falloden, as Foreign Secretary.

Lord Salisbury held a position as eminent as that of Mr. Gladstone, though by very different means. Mr. Russell lays emphasis on the myopia which led the Prime Minister during the South African War into a serious military discussion with Lord Blythe, under the impression that he was speaking to Lord Kitchener!

Next we have Lord Rosebery, of whom so much was expected in the early days of his career. But Lord Rosebery forged caution and regard for his own reputation to an extreme that nullified his political action. Personally he lived up to Matthew Arnold's description: "Lord Rosebery is very gay and very smart and I like him very much." But he lacked sturdiness. The best little sketch in the book is that devoted to Mr. A. J. Balfour, who, when he was appointed Secretary for Ireland, was derisively greeted as "Miss Balfour," "Clara," "Lucy," and called "a palsied masher and a perfumed popinjay." But he had the real grit that shows itself most in greatest difficulties, and the Secretaryship of Ireland, which had ruined so many reputations, made his. One reason was that "though murderous threats were rife he showed an absolute disregard for personal danger and ruled Ireland with a strong and dexterous hand." His journey to the west is still remembered by the rural population as an act of courage and kindness.

Henry Campbell-Bannerman closes the series. To him belongs the credit of giving a show to the young men eager to prove their worth: Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and several others.

It will be gathered that the series of sketches is entertaining without being deep.

## LITERARY NOTES

### A MEDITATION ON PEACE.

With what new eyes and ears we salute to-day the familiar beauties of Bible and Prayer Book on this overwhelming subject of peace. For, coming to us fresh-coined out of a mint of such suffering as the sons of men have never, to a like extent, experienced from war, it is as if we ourselves had just forged the phrases that we have known from infancy; our hearts and minds receive them with a profound, glad understanding that is almost like the passionate receptivity of authorship. A thousand new lights illuminate passages that we had thought staled for ever by custom; to read the order for Morning Prayer has become a voyage of discovery; to read Isaiah is to hold our breath before vistas that we once saw through a glass darkly.

Have we ever even known, we marvel, what "Deliver us from evil" might mean, until now when we are delivered from the body of this

world-death? What generation has given the same eager thought to influences that may "guide our feet into the way of peace" as ours, which has known what it was to lose that way through all the four desolate quarters of the earth? And that second Collect—for Peace. Its beauty, no doubt, we saw; but its vital import? Was it not, rather, to our minds a stepping-stone set, for ornament more than for use, between an appropriate collect of the day and an obviously necessary prayer for Grace? But now, which of us can give mechanical or impersonal ear to a phrase with such healing in its wings as "the author of peace and lover of concord?"

New lights have a way of revealing blemishes, however, as well as beauties. "Give peace in our time, O Lord." We who have known in our time war as it was never known before are not likely to offer up the petition with anything less than fervour. And yet—there not suddenly, born of anguished experience, one of those new, challenging criticisms for the words? "In our time?" Yes, of course; a thousand times yes! But—no more? Is there not for us who have walked in darkness and now see a great light something timid and chilling and almost ignoble in that limitation? Do we not suspect a touch of selfishness in a request for personal immunity from an evil tacitly accepted as inevitable—for someone else? We who have been the someone else begin to wonder if it was not the fatalistic piety of the past that sowed the wind of which we have been called upon to reap the whirlwind. With a sense of enlargement we remember that the Prayer Book, for all its beauties, is, after all, not the Bible.

"For unto us a child is born . . . and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." Did we think that long ago our minds had registered every chord in that tremendous, poetic *crescendo* of prophecy? We know better now; the mind delighted in its beauty, but out of agony is born to-day the soul that can begin to comprehend its meaning, its dazzling, unlimited promise. From "peace in our time" to this, is the step from a dark entry into a lighted room—if not, indeed, to the courts of heaven.

There are philosophers who have maintained that Christianity has failed because it is too simple; the soul of man has rebelled against being called upon to practise a five-finger exercise when his intellect felt itself capable of performing an opera. The same point of view has been dryly expressed in an opposite formula: "Christianity has not failed; it was found difficult, and has never been tried." Difficult—simple: do we not all know that nothing is so difficult as simplicity? And yet—suppose we are prepared at last to begin accepting the difficult simplicities of Christianity? It is this supposition that we feel thrilling through the world to-day; the future of the world hangs in the balance while we make up our minds.

"The great tragedy of Christianity in modern times," writes one of the most modern of present-day churchmen, "has been, not its failure to attract or retain the allegiance of the vain, the frivolous, and the materially minded, but its failure to appeal to the idealist of to-day." Well, the idealist and even the semi-idealist of to-day have suddenly got a grip on something that is Christianity, if it is not the Church; in a world that is exploding kingdoms with the rapidity and finality of rockets, he has at least begun to discover a kingdom that promises stability; he has begun to explore the astounding, adventurous potentialities of a new God—The Prince of Peace.

For what we had up to 1914, we now see, was not peace; it was only the absence of war. Peace is a thing more positive, more conscious; not a mere interval of time sandwiched between periods of war, but a goal in itself, a definite prize to be won, "not without dust and heat." War has been the searchlight that has revealed peace to us.

And, having seen peace, we can even see, through all its hoary crusts of ceremony and superstition, Christmas. There is nothing of forced merry-making or of saccharine sentimentality about Christmas for any of us *this* year. Instead of the tolerant, *blasé* attitude of the unco' cultured before the war, instead of the mockery, the shrinking pain of the last four Christmases, there is a world-soul that reels to-day with a shock of joy before the lightning flash of a revelation so new as to be still hardly credible: "On earth peace, good will toward men." Words that were once a poetic accessory to the Birth in Bethlehem have become the very corner-stone of its meaning. We have seen a vision, and for the moment are in a state of exaltation. But we are little acquainted with the ills that the spirit is heir to if we think that the exaltation will last. "It is good to mount up as eagles," observes someone; "but there remains the task of learning to walk and not to faint." Shall we be able to translate our vision, before it fades, into action? Have we indeed brought at last out of war a leaf of that tree which shall be "for the healing of the nations?"

V. H. F.

**The War and Elizabeth**, by Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Collins, 6s.)  
THERE is not among our novelists one who can create more convincingly than can Mrs. Humphry Ward the atmosphere of country life in the large country house. *The War and Elizabeth* sets two such houses in strong contrast, chiming in with the characters of their owners. On the one hand we have Sir Henry Chicksands, alert, patriotic, great on the County War Agricultural Committee, essentially a right-minded man if not an intellectual, a man of parts if not of lineage; the other Mr. Mannering of Mannering, aristocrat, scholar, dilettante, passionate worshipper of beauty as it is manifested in Greek art, seeking to shut himself and his interests off from the horrors of war with indifference, and, when that fails, with active opposition to the new order as it affects himself. At that period of his affairs when the story opens the County War Agricultural Committee has ordered the ploughing up of fifty acres of his neglected park, the dismissal of three of his feckless farmers. Mannering opposes to the last. It is Chicksands's duty to force the matter on, and the fact that Mannering's eldest son and Chicksands's daughter are betrothed adds to the difficulties of the situation. Into this scene steps Elizabeth Benerton, Mannering's new secretary, and the story is a record of how the personality of this fine and steadfast woman proved the solvent which ultimately brought affairs at Mannering into line with the thought of the country, then passing through one of the darkest phases of the Great War. Mrs. Ward has written more exciting books than this, deeper books, but none in which contemporary feeling is better interpreted, and Mannering is a creation whom she has not bettered among the many people of her many books.

**Mummery**, by Gilbert Cannan. (Collins, 6s. net.)

MR. CANNAN describes his new novel as a story of three idealists. It is, in fact, the story of a wild fellow of an artist, a genius with all the disconcerting characteristics of greatness and much of the simpleness that often goes with men of big achievements. He has actor's blood in his veins, and has himself been an actor, and his disputes with Sir Henry Butcher, the great actor-manager, proprietor of the Imperium Theatre, give Mr. Cannan excellent opportunities of neat thrusts at the theatre as it exists as a commercial institution to-day. Our author does not speak without knowledge, for he is a dramatic author, and did he not himself tread the boards in a recent production in London? The book has a good deal of observation tucked into it, and it is of the sort that will appeal to all who know and love London.

## THE ESTATE MARKET

THE last property auction at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, is over, the draft contract for the sale of the freehold to the Bank of England has been signed and sealed, and the contents of the premises will probably be sold during the coming week. The work of collecting and registering transactions in real estate has been transferred to offices in Tokenhouse Buildings, where the Estate Exchange is in future to be conducted.

In the coming year it is probable that the majority of auctions in the City will take place at Winchester House, where a number of rooms have been reserved for the purpose, and it is understood that a committee of auctioneers has undertaken the task of allotting the available accommodation as fairly as possible, in order to secure that all the firms who require rooms shall have due consideration. Certain firms which had taken time by the forelock and reserved rooms for various dates have agreed to leave the question of their arrangement to the committee to deal with, as there is a general desire among agents to effect the forced removal from the Mart to temporary premises with a minimum of inconvenience to all parties.

Many of the auctioneers who have in the last few days occupied the rostrum at Tokenhouse Yard have referred feelingly to the fact that it is the last occasion on which they would sell in that place, and there have been many illustrations of the truth of Thackeray's remark that we never consciously do a thing for the last time without a certain sense of regret.

The resentment which was at first expressed against the closing of the Mart has died down, as it is generally appreciated that in selling the freehold the directors of the Auction Mart Company had no choice. The enterprise had been unremunerative for some time, and the Bank of England's offer was too good to be neglected. It is, however, undeniable that the marked revival of business in the last few weeks in the City sale-rooms serves as an incentive to auctioneers to lose no time in securing new premises mainly, if not exclusively, for auctions.

One difficulty in the way is that all the sales are concentrated into an hour or two of an afternoon, and, as a rule, on only four or five days of each week. Consequently, for the rest of the time, the building is idle and unproductive, and the fees for the use of rooms have not hitherto approached a figure which could justify any large expenditure in providing the requisite accommodation solely for sales. Concurrently, too, the growing tendency of firms to sell country estates in their respective localities has to be reckoned with.

In the palmy days of Tokenhouse Yard nearly every estate was sold there, and a large and steady revenue could be confidently relied on. To-day the country hotels and town halls are the recognised centres for selling landed estates, and the convenience of buyers is undoubtedly met thereby to a much larger extent than by endeavouring to get them to travel to London. The one conspicuous exception to this is, of course, Hanover Square, to which there is never any difficulty in attracting local buyers, no matter how far distant from town the estate may be. The most recent instance of this is the sale of part of the Duke of Sutherland's estates. No more thoroughly typical Scottish company could have been assembled in Aberdeen or Edinburgh and, in addition, London agents attended and, as the reports showed, acquired some of the principal lots.

*A propos* of that sale it may be mentioned that Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley have disposed of 320,000 acres of the northern portions of the Duke of Sutherland's Scottish property, only Strathallendale and Bighouse grouse moor remaining for sale. The upset price of these properties, forming Lot 9 of the particulars, is £29,000. It includes salmon fishings, Bighouse Lodge, the Melvich Hotel, and some deer stalking.

Mr. F. A. Page-Turner has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to dispose of 3,150 acres, two miles from Luton, early next year. The advowson to the united benefices of Sundon and Streatley is included in the sale. The Berden and Clavering estates, of over 1,800 acres, between Bishop's Stortford and Newport, on the Essex and Cambridgeshire borders, are about to be offered on behalf of Christ's Hospital. Berden Hall is an interesting old manor house.

Surrey and Sussex estates, to be dealt with at Hanover Square on January 21st, include Park House, and over 8 acres, at Reigate, a modern residence, and Woodfield House, with 23 acres, two miles from Chichester. Messrs. Harrie Stacey and Son are acting in conjunction with Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley as to the former freehold.

The first town house to be sold at Winchester House next year is the fine Adam mansion in Portman Square in Messrs. Trollope and Sons' hands, for auction on January 15. Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker have privately sold South Hall, Basingstoke, a Georgian residence standing in the midst of 44 acres.

Lord Cathcart intends to dispose of over 3,000 acres of agricultural land next month and in March. It will be sold by Mr. Joseph Stower; 1,790 acres at Doncaster and 1,420 acres at Derby.

Other properties to be dealt with early next year include Norton Place, Lincolnshire, nearly 4,000 acres with an Adam mansion (Messrs. John D. Wood and Co.); Lympne Castle, and 333 acres, near Hythe (Messrs. Tressidder and Co.); and by Messrs. Savill and Sons a large area in Essex. ARBITER.

# CORRESPONDENCE

## AGRICULTURAL COTTAGES AND WORK FOR DISCHARGED SOLDIERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The importance given to this matter in political speeches at the present time prompts me to point out that much may be done with existing accommodation if it is moved where it is required. What I now suggest I will do I am sure many others who are farming their own land will also be pleased to do, but Government action is required in addition to political talk. I am only too willing and anxious to train soldiers, boys or women on the land, so that they may be shown the why and the wherefore of everything, and the most likely way of being able to make a living for themselves, but we are faced with the difficulty that we have not living accommodation for the people we would like to train. On my farms here I have room to train 30 to 40 people but nowhere to house them. Within a few miles there are great camps with hutments which, if purchasable at a reasonable price, I would buy and re-erect on a beautiful situation here with fine views over the South Downs. I could instal a communal kitchen, feeding and recreation hall, but none of this is possible under the present cost and difficulty of ordinary building; but with Government aid given to enable people like myself to get hold of these hutments a great deal could be done to train a large body to gain a livelihood from the land. Regular lectures would be given so that those working in the different sections can have explained to them the *reason why* about everything, the cost and figures of all the day's operations shown to them in a simple form, and have it pointed out how a skilled man on the land, on even such a simple operation as pulling roots, is able to do 50 per cent. more in the same time than a German prisoner, and even 75 per cent. more than a willing and conscientious land girl. Examples could be shown where, through waste of hay in feeding stock with hay at its present value, there is a weekly waste of nearly 2s. 6d. per head of cattle. There are simply hundreds of points and problems of this sort taking place on an up-to-date farm which could be explained and shown in such a way to those wanting to come on the land that they would never forget, and which would be useful to them all their lives. The amount of waste on every farm is simply stupendous. All could be overcome by training new people, relatively young, and showing them day by day, in the form of collective conversations and lectures, the problems that face them, the importance of overcoming the difficulties satisfactorily from a financial point of view, and how to use books. So much education in farming matters continually overlooks the £ s. d. side of it, and I am certain the only thing that will make farming a continuous success in this country is reduction in cost of production, both in saving money by introducing improved methods and increasing production per acre, so that the overhead charges are materially reduced for every pound's worth of produce obtained. I have everything here to carry these schemes into operation: up-to-date machinery, the finest pedigree stock, horses, cattle, pigs, sheep, poultry, bees, and land varying from the thinnest soil on chalk to the heaviest weald clay. I could obtain willing and enthusiastic teachers besides giving my own time, but housing accommodation I must have, and the only way to get it within a useful time would be to acquire hutments from the abandoned soldiers' camps. Given these, I am certain, once my scheme successfully started, it could be reproduced on hundreds of landowners' and land-owning farmers' estates all over the country for the benefit of agriculture and the nation.—S. F. EDGE.

## VILLAGE WAR MEMORIALS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On a recent ramble in the delightful Cotswold country I found myself in the old world village of Condicote, near Stow-in-the-Wold, and naturally could not miss seeing this beautiful cross. I think I was lucky in finding two old village worthies drawing water from the well. What better war memorials to our lost heroes could possibly be erected throughout the country than such crosses as this? And where the position was suitable and the need apparent, why not dig a well, too? Condicote suffered the vandalism of Cromwellian times, and only the two



AN OLD CROSS ON THE COTSWOLDS.

steps and the block on the top of them are the original work, the cross itself having been restored in 1864.—R. C. M.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The proper course with regard to memorials depends so much on the special circumstances in such cases that no general rules can be laid down. The right course is to invite a competent architectural adviser, and your paper might do a great deal of good in enforcing this point in recommending architects who have shown special ability in this direction.—E. A. RICKARDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The letters appearing in your paper on the subject of Village Memorials move me to send you this picture of a cross marking the graves of some Australian soldiers in France. This is not the simplest form such memorials have taken—there have been placed above many a grave in the fields of Flanders crosses made merely of two pieces of rough wood, with the hat of the man who slept below hanging on them to serve as identification—but it seems to me that it might be possible, in some cases at least, that these first memorials should serve as models for those which shall be permanent.—EILEEN GREENSTREET



A NEW CROSS IN FRANCE.

THE EDITOR,

SIR,—The position and nature of the site, surroundings, approach, views, and background are salient features in considering a scheme: a War Memorial should emphasise The Sacrifice and The Victory, that it is right, not might, which has conquered blatant injustice. Sacrifice can probably be most clearly shown by a Calvary and should form part of any scheme, even if a small one, particularly as it can be arranged in so many ways, from a panel in the smallest tablet to a piece of life-sized sculpture. There is no real reason why it should be seriously objected to, as all phases of belief acknowledge this portion of the Bible story. All can subscribe, although there may be differences of thought, in a British community. Victory is more difficult to portray; but this and the other points can be suggested in the design, details, and in the character of the treatment and workmanship. It will be most unwise to attempt any scheme which is larger or more ambitious than the funds available can properly provide. Diminutive towers, cast-iron clock turrets, insignificant fountains, etc., only become objects of derision and quite meaningless, especially when carried out with poor design and workmanship.—C. E. BATEMAN.

## RURAL HOUSING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The letters on the above subject appearing in COUNTRY LIFE prompt me to point out that, before the use of local materials are considered, and full advantage taken of them, it will be necessary to modify many of the existing bye-laws governing building construction in this country. These bye-laws were framed years ago, and were, no doubt, satisfactory at the time. Since then, however, much thought has been devoted to scientific building construction and materials with a view to economy in cost, but many of the results cannot be adopted owing to antiquated bye-laws. My firm (Messrs. Boulton and Paul, Limited) has made a study for years of modern house construction, using local materials, and adhering to local rural architecture as far as possible if it had any claim to the picturesque. It is true we have built a very large number of such cottages all over England, with every kind of material, but should have done more had local authorities allowed us to. When Mr. John Burns was at the Local Government Board we prepared for him a list of actual orders we had received for rural cottages during the preceding ten years, together with the number of cottages actually built. The effect was to show about 30 per cent. of these orders had to be cancelled, or brick walls to be substituted, to comply with local bye-laws. Mr. Burns commented, "Landlords do not appear entirely responsible for the dearth of rural cottages."—WILLIAM H. FISKE.

## A STONE INSIDE A TREE.

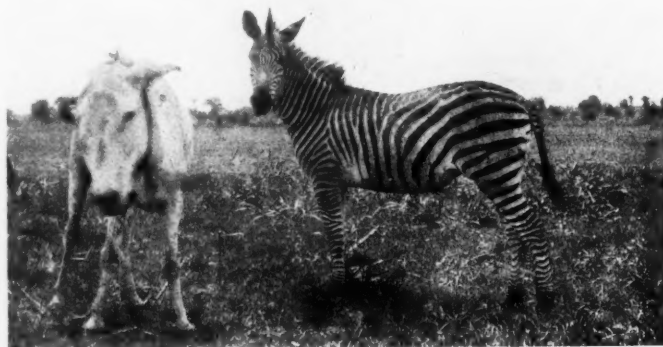
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There is nothing in the embedded stone which need cause surprise. It is not uncommon to find foreign substances when sawing timber. As a case in point, I know of an oak in which a large piece of rock is partially embedded in a fork about twenty feet from the ground. The tree stands near a quarry, and this rock—about sixteen inches by twelve inches—was thrown up by a blast and lodged in the fork. It is there still, and I have known of its presence for thirty-five years. Being large, it is still visible; but if the tree stands so long, it will by-and-by become completely engloved, *i.e.*, be covered by the annual growths of wood, called healing by occlusion. In another instance—and I was present at the time—a point of a sabre was found by the plane when preparing a piece of old oak. It was near the centre, so that the tree was evidently a sapling when it was struck by the sabre.—C. E. CURTIS.

## A TAME ZEBRA.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I have been asked by Mr. Justice H. Madden to send you this snapshot of a zebra which, after being chased by wild dogs, took refuge among the ranch donkeys and has, since it was thus saved from its enemies, become one of the herd and quite tame. The photograph shows the zebra with one of the donkeys.—J. G. C. IRVINE.



THE ZEBRA AND ONE OF THE DONKEYS.

## PHOTOGRAPHS OF EGYPT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you some photographs, taken in Egypt, which may be worthy of reproduction in COUNTRY LIFE. The one of four white mules, all over 17h., should be of interest to those of your readers who, during the war, have had dealings with these useful animals. That of ploughing in the country to the north of Ludd should amuse your agricultural readers. They will see pony, camel and oxen drawing an almost prehistoric implement. It is usually carried home by the ploughman on his back. A third shows a party heliographing three-quarters of the way up the pyramid of Cheops; the tram terminus is to be seen in the distance. In the fourth a native crowd is viewing captured war material in Abdin Square, Cairo—an amusing contrast for London readers who have seen the crowds admiring the captured guns in the Mall.—E. C. P.



WHITE MULES.



PRIMITIVE PLOUGHING.



HELIOGRAPHING FROM THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.



NATIVES VIEWING CAPTURED WAR MATERIAL IN CAIRO.

## THE SURRENDER OF THE GERMAN NAVY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You may, perhaps, care to insert another description of the surrender of the German navy, as seen by a Warwickshire lad who has been for four years in H.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth*: "I guess you know by this time that things have been very exciting on board the *Queen Elizabeth* of late, with German Admirals coming on board at Admiral Beatty's request, and then Their Majesties the King, Queen and Prince of Wales inspecting the ship, and then the great day, November 21st, with the surrender of the German Fleet. We left Rosyth at 4.30 in the morning and met the German Fleet at 9.40 a.m.,

which we escorted back to our base. Just before we got back the *Queen Elizabeth* stove to let the other two fleets pass, German on one side of us and the Grand Fleet on the other, which gave three loud cheers for Admiral Beatty as they passed. We were flying the largest white ensign we could, also Admiral's flag, which was extra large and made of silk, which looked very nice to the Germans, no doubt. We waited a little longer while the light forces came up. Then we saw a sight like a pack of greyhounds—50 German destroyers escorted by 150 of our own. After we saw them all in safe, we left them in charge of the First Battle Squadron for the night. Then we went on our

way to Rosyth, where we had to pass the U.S. Navy and our battle cruisers, who also gave us three cheers, some bands playing "God Save the King" and others "Rule Britannia" and "Over There." It was a very nice sight to us. Then at 6 p.m. we had a Thanksgiving Service throughout the Fleet on behalf of the handing over the German Fleet. We never did expect them to come in so quietly; we were all cleared for action in case it was necessary to open fire, but it was not needed. I was always proud to be on the *Queen Elizabeth*, but now I am prouder still, and thank God that we won that great victory without losing a man or ship."—M. C. L.

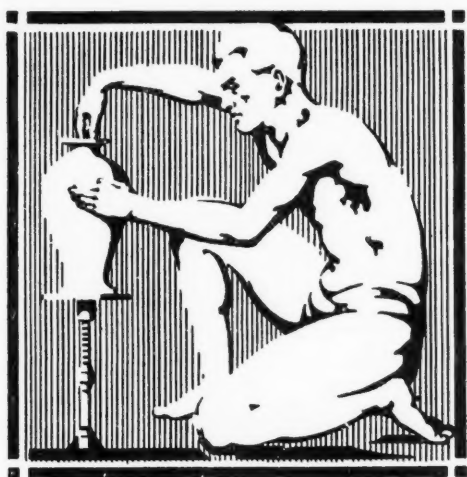
## A WAR MEDAL FOR ALL THE ALLIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE there was an article suggesting a war medal for all the Allies, and asking if any of your readers know if plain white is the colour of any existing medal ribbon. I think I am right in saying that the "Arctic Expeditions" medal ribbon is plain white watered silk.—G. C. CONGREVE.



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## MULBERRY JAM AND JELLY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should think that "A. H. P.'s" cook could not have boiled the preserve long enough, or perhaps the covering was not air-tight? The following recipe for mulberry jam has always proved very successful with myself. The mulberries must be very ripe, but freshly gathered. Take three pounds of the fruit and place in a jar. Stand this in a pan of boiling water, and cook slowly until the juice has run from the fruit. Mash gently with a wooden spoon, and turn the contents of the jar into a sieve and allow the juice to drain into a basin. Measure the juice, and for each pint allow two pounds of sugar, and place the whole in a preserving pan. Bring to a boil and simmer gently for ten minutes, remove all scum and add three pounds of fresh ripe fruit and more sugar if necessary to bring the whole quantity used up to six pounds. Simmer gently for fifteen minutes, and turn the contents of the pan into a large basin and set aside until the next day. Boil up and simmer for ten minutes, and again set aside till the next day; finally simmer the preserve for fifteen minutes, then boil rapidly until the juice will set quickly when a little is tested on a plate. Pour into small pots and cover while hot with tissue paper dipped into new milk. In making the jelly probably the cook used some gelatine to make it set quickly. Jelly made in this way will not keep unless hermetically

sealed while at boiling point. Although many war-time recipes have recommended this method of making jelly, it is a failure in practice. Jelly to keep must consist simply of the pure fruit and sugar. To make a good jelly take six pounds of freshly gathered mulberries and draw out the juice as recommended in the previous recipe. Slice two pounds of apples (windfalls of any good jelly-making apple will do), place in a pan with just sufficient cold water to cover, bring to a boil, and simmer until the apples are well broken. Turn into a sieve and allow all the liquid to slowly drain away into a basin. Mix this with the mulberry juice, and pour through a jelly-bag, measure, and for each pint allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Place the juice in a preserving pan and boil rapidly for twenty minutes. Heat the sugar in the oven until hot, but not melted, and add to the boiling juice; continue boiling until the liquid sets firmly when tested. Pour into small pots, cover with a round of "waxed" paper laid on top of the hot jelly, and finally cover with tissue paper dipped in new milk. The heat from the jelly dries the tissue paper quickly and the milk makes it quite air proof. Jellies and preserves should always be stored in a cool, dry store-room, and it is important to sterilise the jars and pots thoroughly before the preserve or jelly is poured into them. Unless this is done, the germs of ferment or mould, from a previous lot of preserve, may infect the new lot and destroy it in spite of the care taken in the making.—H. T. C.

## TURF, STUD AND STABLE

SOME of my recent optimistic writings in COUNTRY LIFE on the future of sport in this country, by which I referred particularly to horse-breeding and racing, hunting and polo, have, I am glad to say, brought an interesting letter from a reader who is grateful for his countrymen's love of sports and pastimes in the past and who is convinced that our future greatness need never be doubted so long as that love lasts. "How often," he says, "does one hear the questions asked, 'When shall we start racing in earnest again?' 'Shall we hunt this winter?' or 'What about polo next summer?'" Surely these questions mean that the spirit of the nation is all right and is undaunted after the hardships and turmoil of over four years of war. Why is this? My answer is that it always has been so, but then I ask myself again: "Will our grandchildren be the same if they have not the same interest in sports and games?"

"We have now the example and fate of a nation which made no pretence of possessing what is called the sporting spirit. They laboured from early childhood on the theories and sciences of warfare, and laughed and scoffed at the Englishman's love of sport and looked forward to the day when those thick-headed time-wasters would surely fall to their arms. I suggest, sir, it was the same old sporting spirit which saved us. They had a huge army ready after years of training and study, and they had every advantage in armaments and maps, and yet they are broken to-day. I seem to remember the incident on the football field when the whole force of a misdirected kick would miss the object (the ball) and find its mark on the shin bone of an opponent. A momentary pause. 'Sorry,' said the kicker. 'Right-oh,' replies the kicked, and both are again pursuing the ball. In the hunting field hounds are running hard. Every face of those lucky enough to be with them is alight with the joy of holding a good place, and the knowledge that only his skill and an honest horse have kept him there. Two men ride side by side at a 'rasper,' one who is grey-haired and the other a young blood. The older man steadies his horse a few lengths from the fence. The other goes thrusting on with a serene smile on his face at having a length to the good on the old 'un. His horse sees too late the big ditch on the take-off side and tries to put in a short one, but the pace is too fast and he catches the top binder and crashes into the next field. The old 'un sails over and shouts a query: 'All right, my boy?' 'Yes; don't stop, sir,' comes the reply, 'you'll lose the hunt; anyway, I'm the right side of the trouble.'

"Now let us change the scene, and, again, I write to you of what I know. The battalion has just gone over the top. A company commander in the darkness stumbles into a shell hole and falls upon 'something' from whom issues forth words only becoming to a British soldier and sportsman. 'Oh, it's you, is it! Badly hit, my boy?' 'No, sir; but don't bother about me or we shall lose that bit of trench. Anyway, I'm on the right side of the trouble!' The older man, going on, wonders where he has heard that phrase before, and then he remembers that last good hunt in Blighty. So it is 'For'ard on, boys,' and perhaps the cheering on of his men just turned the tide of battle that day in our favour.

"I say, sir, that the instances I have quoted mean much in the making of a Britisher's home and Empire. The character of each individual makes up the character of the nation. The sporting spirit has made it the strongest and kindest Empire in all history. Four years of war have made great mournful gaps in the ranks of our sportsmen-soldiers, men who in the past challenged the world across the waters at our manly sports and pastimes. Our young men must challenge and be challenged again if our great and cherished traditions are to endure. It must be so and it will be so."

My correspondent's stirring confession of faith will, I am sure, call up many a sympathetic echo among those who read

these notes; and I would like others who may have ideas on the necessity of reconstructing our great national sports and pastimes to send me their views, so that they may be published should space permit it. For the moment, however, I must turn again to a singularly interesting topic—the remarkable War Office dispersal sale of tens of thousands of surplus Army horses.

The Director of Remounts (Major-General Sir W. H. Birkbeck, K.C.B., C.M.G.) is to be congratulated on the sagacity of his policy in seeking the assistance of the Press of this country in publishing broadcast the outline of his able scheme of re-establishing the horse population of this country. It certainly indicates something of a revolution in War Office administration that it should have relaxed in this way from its ancient policy of frigid aloofness and official isolation. Whoever is responsible for this interesting lapse from the conventional is to be congratulated. The Press may accept the implied compliment, and judging from the wide publicity already accorded, the Director has abundant reason to be satisfied with the success of his extremely sensible enterprise. After all, publicity was absolutely essential if the public were to be informed of the great good fortune awaiting horse-breeders and horse-users, but necessity was no guarantee that the step would be taken. War has certainly done much for the War Office, and some of its most cherished traditions have, one hopes, been dissipated for ever. There is a closer understanding with the outer world, which is the public, and the Press has effected the transformation in its own all-powerful and irresistible way.

For the first time the scribes have been introduced to two of the four big Remount Depôts in this country. They have visited Swaythling and Romsey, both within a very few miles of Southampton, and each capable at its normal capacity of accommodating 5,000 animals. Wonderful institutions they are, too, and I marvel that the authorities had not sufficient pride in them to let the Pressmen tell the public long ago about their great doings. It could not have delayed the winning of the war a single hour to have let the Victory Loan subscribers know something of how tens of thousands of war horses were being treated while in training for active service. Romsey stands as a model of organisation and a monument to its organiser, Colonel Sir Herbert Jessel, Bart., C.M.G. He was its Commandant from the start to quite recently, when he became the Deputy Director of Remounts at the War Office. It was at Romsey that shiploads of horses and mules were received direct from America, and there their conditioning and training began for their share in the great adventure. Romsey fed the Reserve Artillery Brigades, Reserve Cavalry Regiments, and minor Remount Depôts which had to find horses for overseas, and goodness knows how many tens of thousands have passed through it.

Swaythling played a big picture part and was never out of the limelight; for it was from there that nearly every remount, whether horse or mule, went to France. In that way they took in from all parts of the kingdom and went out to the waiting ships in the docks between three and four hundred thousand animals. Dramatic figures! Its function as the issuing depôt is practically over now, and until the last horse comes home its work will be to receive and distribute. Swaythling's commandant to-day is Colonel H. E. Hambro, one of a brotherhood of brilliant sportsmen, and a most devoted officer in the Service to which he belongs. Is it not eloquent testimony to the splendid work accomplished to say that in the last week before the signing of the Armistice Swaythling received and sent overseas between seven and eight thousand horses and mules within a single week? The able and enthusiastic officers at these depôts, as also at Ormskirk and Shirehampton, have indeed rendered fine service to the State. They are entitled to be proud of their remarkable record of which the public are now being told something for the first time.

PHILIPPOS.